

















**“You Takes Your Choice”**





# "You Takes Your Choice"

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"The Mirrors of Washington"



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CANDIDATE COOLIDGE





## CANDIDATE COOLIDGE<sup>1</sup>

"LIKE the singed cat, he is better than he looks," wrote Richard W. Irwin of Northampton, Massachusetts, in 1907, of the newly elected member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Irwin was a former state senator and he was introducing the new legislator from his home town to the speaker of the lower house. Of his appearance at the time Martin Lomasney, the Democratic politician, said, "I took him for a country school-teacher or an undertaker," both of whom among the ordinary run of good mixers who usually get sent to the legislature have more or less of the singed-cat air about them. They are not accepted instantly as of the confraternity. Mr. Irwin, wise in the ways of the state capitol, knew that Mr. Coolidge would not be.

<sup>1</sup> The first part of this article was originally published in *The Century Magazine*, and is reprinted by permission.

Some time in almost every one's life the whole truth about one is summed up with a flash of insight in a single sentence. Fortunately, this letter of Mr. Irwin's is preserved, for I do not think that a whole book will ever tell more about the external and internal characteristics of the President than was put in those ten words, "Like the singed cat, he is better than he looks."

And Mr. Irwin went deeper than he knew. I should say that Mr. Coolidge's whole life had been concentrated on "being better than he looked." Ah, but didn't this shy, silent, socially awkward young man do more than look like a singed cat? Didn't he also feel like a singed cat? And didn't the effort to overcome this psychological obstacle account for all the tension, the industry, the ambition, the coldness, the concentration that were so clearly observable?

A great many of us have this singed-cat sense. Some of us never overcome it. We slink away into corners, keep out of sight and behave all our lives as if we were singed cats. Some of us merely feel that because we are singed cats life is not so easy for us as it is for those to whom nature has been more kind. We strive all the harder, become more intense, more persistently ambitious. Of that kind



is Mr. Coolidge. Others still, like the fox which had lost its tail, erect their singed-cat condition into a virtue and resolve that they are superior to all ordinary cats. They become arrogant, intolerant, remote and inaccessible. That was what the singed-cat sense did to Mr. Wilson.

I've done pretty well by the singed-cat sense in giving it two Presidents in recent years. That is the utmost I can do for it, since it is plain that Mr. Harding didn't have it, and no more did Mr. Taft. While as for Mr. Roosevelt, not even in his dreams did the singed cat intrude. You have only to think of Mr. Roosevelt on the one hand and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Coolidge on the other to understand what the singed-cat sense is.

It would be easy enough to pick out other public men with the singed-cat sense. I think Mr. Hughes had it in that awkward youth of his and felt it pretty strongly when he was plunged into the world of politics. He has compensated for it by developing that extremely logical mind of his. Now don't let every one suppose that because he has a singed cat about him somewhere he is going to be a great man. Ever since the inferiority complex was discovered a lot of people have gone around suspecting themselves of secret greatness. But I've always car-

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ried a singed cat around inside of me, and the best it has ever been able to do is to enable me to write pieces like this.

Now, I don't know how better to describe the difference between the man with the singed-cat sense and the man with the more happily hirsute personality than in terms of golf. You know the fellow whose every movement in golf is instinctive and right. He does not know how he does it, but he does it easily and naturally and without a thought. That's the way the fellow who hasn't the singed-cat sense plays the game of life—Roosevelt's way, in short.

Then there is the other golfer whose noodle is full of maxims—"Keep your eye on the ball," "Don't lift up your head," "Follow through." He never makes a movement that is not analyzed to the last flick of the wrists. He knows more about golf than the other. He can be more eloquent on why he missed a 3 and took a 6. He is always going to think his way to the perfect swing. Well, he plays the game of golf the way the man with the singed-cat sense plays the game of life. And it isn't self-consciousness, either. Some times the most unself-conscious people in the world know they are singed cats.

In one statement of Mr. Coolidge's, that declining to be a candidate for President in 1920, I find these two sentences, "It is always well for one to walk humbly," and "I have a great desire to walk humbly," twice in fewer than three hundred words,—the singed-cat sense expressing itself. And another speech begins: "Man's nature drives him ever onward. He is forever seeking development,"—the singed-cat sense making up for deficiencies. And here is a quotation from another speech:

"We build the ladder by which we rise,  
And we mount to the summit round by round."

The singed-cat sense and the bitter driving force of ambition, which converts everything to use, which concentrates attention on self, which makes every little word so important that it is weighed and counted, which shackles the free spirit and makes one the slave of one's own progress—this explains Mr. Coolidge.

President Wilson had the singed-cat sense and became arrogant to forget it. Mr. Coolidge had it, and, a better puritan, kept it always by him, "walked humbly" to remind him to work hard, to waste no time in play or on the lighter by-paths of friendship, to overcome his disability rather than to forget

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it by seeming different to himself from what he was.

I never knew a man to make better use of his apparent disabilities than Mr. Coolidge has. A friend of mine used to say: "Whatever you do, don't over-advertise. If I should write a funny book or play, and my publisher or producer should advertise it as the funniest book or play that ever came off a type-writer, people would look at it and say, 'But this is not funny at all.' Over-expectation would be aroused. You know how everybody is disappointed at the first view of Niagara Falls. But if you let them find out that the book or play is funny, they enjoy all the pleasure of discovery and of telling about it. They are little Columbuses of a new world."

This advice always seemed to me impractical, for you can't get publishers and producers to "walk humbly" in their advertisements. But Mr. Coolidge had the advantage of being his own publisher and producer. He did walk humbly as Vice-President. He was the most complete singed-cat Vice-President Washington has ever seen. Of course people always do look down on Vice-Presidents. They are as pathetic as mothers-in-law and as good a joke. They either have to join in the general laugh at their own expense, like Marshall, and are not to



be trusted in the White House because of their sense of humor, or they become "woolly horses," like Fairbanks, from whose dull stodginess the kind Providence which watches over all things American saves the nation.

Coolidge could not laugh at himself, like Marshall. That self had cost too much effort to be a joke. A fellow who is born, not made, may be a joke. Nor was he prominent enough to be a woolly horse, like Fairbanks. People laughed at him, as at all Vice-Presidents, but a little less kindly. His loneliness, his inability to unbend and take life lightly, his mirthlessness, his silence, were the subject of jests. Stories were told about him of which this familiar one is the stock example. A lady rushed up to another at a reception. "I see," she exclaimed, "that you have just made the Vice-President laugh. Please tell me what you said to him. I'll remember it and say it to him again next year and make him laugh again." He never told stories himself. That singed-cat sense which causes some men to tell endless stories, and thus get themselves accepted, made him unwilling to waste effort on such trifles.

There was a little malice in this attitude toward the Vice-President. He had been over-advertised

in connection with the Boston police strike. That exploit of his had been somewhat discounted. People were a little ashamed of their hysteria over his "saving of the nation from the forces of unrest." So all in all, you see, when he became President he was more fortunate than most Presidents are. The possibilities of disillusionment were nil. The possibilities of discovery were boundless. He was certain to be "better than he looked."

The astonishing vista that fills the eye of the bold explorer of the new national figure is that often dreamed of thing, a new alignment of parties, that new world in which all the conservatives will be in one place and all the radicals in another, where men will divide upon principles, where there will be issues and not mere names to fight over, where there will be realities and not mere shadows. And, amazingly enough, the challenge first came not from a radical, but from a conservative.

What struck the country with force when it read his annual message was that at last there was a man in the White House who had taken sides, who was not, "on the one hand," for the conservatives of the East and, "on the other," for the progressives of the West. All the time that he was President, Mr. Harding had tried only to hold his party together.

He had sought to give to the progressives the minimum that would satisfy them without alienating the conservatives, and the conservatives their minimum requirement provided it did not enrage the progressives. It was a government of minimums. The result was that both factions felt cheated. The President was discredited as a futile compromiser. Mr. Coolidge says somewhere that you can't get good government on a bargain counter. He says it in a sense different from the one in which I now use it. But Mr. Harding kept a bargain counter, and no one was pleased with the bargains. The West went to Magnus Johnson, and the East was mumbling with disaffection and wishing for some other candidate in 1924. Mr. Coolidge had the wit to set up a quality one-price store. It was a novelty; it surprised and delighted the country. Instead of trying to hold his party together, he took the position of the majority of his party and said, "This is where the party stands."

I say he had the "wit" to do this, but I say so with reservations; for no one will ever be able to decide how much it was calculation or how much it was conviction which led him to pronounce flatly for tax revision, to reject the bonus, and not to yield to the temptation to lure the farmer with the bait

of federal aid. No one is in the secret of Mr. Coolidge's motives. He has no confidants. His message came as a complete surprise. Generally a President discusses his plans with members of the Senate and the House, and they whisper his views to the press. Mr. Coolidge talked to as many visitors as Mr. Harding ever did, but when they approached the subject of his policies they met no response.

The method was characteristic. It recalls the occasion when, as Governor of Massachusetts, following a state constitutional convention, he had to carry out a pretty complete reorganization of the state departments. Many men had to be dismissed or reduced in rank. He did it all at once without letting any one know he would do it or who would lose their jobs. He kept his counsel till the moment of publication came. A man who knows him says he takes no advice. That habit of self-dependence bespeaks a high degree of confidence. Inside him he knows that he has builded surely and well to be better than he looks.

Well, then, did he write that message, having seen clearly the causes of President Harding's failure and, determining to avoid similar mistakes, did he decide to unite behind him the conservative wing of his party, enough to insure his nomination

and at least a better possibility of election than was left to Mr. Harding? Was it cold calculation? Many say it was. I think it was calculation, but not all calculation. It was an instance of calculation and conviction pointing in the same direction.

He is shrewd and calculating. You have only to look at his face to see that. It is a Yankee face. It just missed being a mean face, with its tight mouth and the over-sharp nose set at too pronounced an angle with the brow. The eyes are narrow and veiled, though they light up readily. The brightness of the eyes and the frequent smile save the face from repelling you. The smile is frugal. There is nothing excessive about it.

The sense perceptions must be acute. It is the face of a realist. No aura surrounds anything upon which it fixes its attention. It regards hard actualities, like the Vermont hill farmer ancestry, which looked long on stones and a thin soil.

I think Mr. Coolidge is a realist about himself. That is a hard thing to be. It is perhaps what has given his face its over-sharp look. If Mr. Coolidge were to describe himself, it would probably be with substantially those words with which Mr. Irwin described him to Speaker Cole. And if a man has no illusions about himself, he is not likely to have



illusions about anything else. Therefore I say he is shrewd and calculating.

He is especially so about the words he employs. I don't know any one who can calculate more accurately than he the effect of what he writes and says. That skill could have been acquired only through incessant practice. Concentrating on the task of being, like the singed cat, better than he looks, he has thought much about the use of every expenditure of energy. He gives you the impression of having no superfluous energy. People speak of him as being "repressed." Energy is a strange thing. Psychologists tell you it is the virtually boundless possession of every human being if he can only call it forth. Mr. Coolidge has never been able to summon from its depths energy that had use for any other purposes than were practical to himself. "Boy or man he never played," some one writes.

We verge here upon his celebrated "silence." Reports are contradictory. People go to the White House and say, "He said much." Others go there and report, "He said almost nothing." I should say that he cannot talk at all, and that he speaks freely and almost frankly. Talk, like play, has no use. It is keeping toy balloons in the air. It is an intellectual sport. It is the free gift of one's person-

ality to another. Like golf or poker, neither of which Mr. Coolidge plays, it may seem a waste to a man with the singed-cat sense and an inward urge to rise despite it. It is a superfluity in which those who are frugal do not indulge.

I have heard Mr. Coolidge saying things many times. He never talked. He knows no short cuts. He does not leap over hedges in getting his idea across. He does not stop when his hearer has caught his intention, but runs out to the dead ends of sentences in prepositional phrases with words in "ity" and "ation." It is no lark for him to open his mouth.

Give him something serious to say, and he says it fully, sometimes too fully. The Presidency supplies him with important topics; so the nation has discovered that he is far from silent. There are many men like that, intensely practical men. I don't need to enlarge upon their type.

Mr. Coolidge is impressed with the use, the importance, of what he writes and says. That is one reason why he speaks rather than talks. To talk well you must be casual and at ease. The profoundest thought must be tossed off lightly. Unlike the man who was "terribly at ease in Zion," Mr. Coolidge is terribly aware that he is in Zion. He

has learned that words have an immense power to make people see that he is better than he looks. Words made him famous as Governor of Massachusetts. Words in the annual message made him a person before the whole country, a real President, a leader. A man who knows so well the use of words does not employ them lightly and without self-consciousness.

A story illustrates his preoccupation with words. A woman newspaper correspondent obtained, while Mr. Coolidge was still Vice-President, an interview with Mrs. Coolidge. But before it could be published the Vice-President had to see it. He went over it from end to end, making changes and corrections in it with his own hand. Nothing that bore the name Coolidge could go into print without being carefully studied for its effect on the public. The newspaper woman still has the copy with the handwritten emendations. If we should ever have a museum of the characteristic papers of our Presidents, it should go in it.

You have only to compare Mr. Coolidge's style with Mr. Harding's to see how calculated the former is. Mr. Harding had gusto, very bad gusto, but still gusto, like that of the middle-class woman become "comfortable," who puts beauty into her

house in the shape of furniture. Mr. Harding loved words not wisely, but too well. Mr. Coolidge does not love words, but makes them serve him—serve him with all their might. Mr. Harding in writing knew that he was doing something magnificent. Mr. Coolidge knows that he is doing something that will “put him over.” Mr. Harding in Marion lived in a house with a round wart of a turret on it. That round wart of a turret was beauty; it was the expression of the joy of living. Mr. Harding’s style was all round warts of turrets. I have never seen the famous thirty-two-dollar-a-month house of Mr. Coolidge’s, but I venture it was just a house to live in, not an expression of Mr. Coolidge’s delight with himself.

I know it is a hard thing to say, but I think considerations of use enter into the President’s few friendships. His closest friend when he came to Washington was Mr. Frank W. Stearns, a Boston merchant, who had got tired of money-making and turned to the patronage of a political possibility, just as other merchants turn to the patronage of art. Mr. Stearns leaves Washington cold. He and Mr. Coolidge were hardly drawn together because they found each other interesting personalities. Mr. Stearns had faith in Mr. Coolidge, and the singed

cat needs some one with faith in him. Mr. Stearns had money and was willing to spend it. He took pleasure in seeing Mr. Coolidge grow politically—the pleasure the amateur gardener takes in watching a century plant bloom. It is said that Mr. Stearns perceived a future President in Lieutenant-Governor Coolidge. It is the one indication of a large and ranging intelligence that Mr. Stearns has given.

His other close friend when he became President was William M. Butler of Massachusetts, now his campaign manager. Like the President and his political patron, Mr. Stearns, Mr. Butler is not an inspiring personality. He is silent and reserved, almost shy, cautious, cold, a "hard-boiled business man." The three together hardly form a gay and jovial company. Some other bond than making life more pleasant holds them together. Mr. Butler, too, has his uses. He grew up in politics with Mr. Coolidge. He inherited what was left of the Murray Crane machine in Massachusetts.

I think I have said enough to show how use and practicality govern this man's life. The message was calculated, shrewdly calculated; everything he does is shrewdly calculated. He "walks humbly" because some of his Pilgrim ancestors found that it paid, here and hereafter, to walk humbly in the



sight of God. His eye is on the little every-day things on which the large things rest. He has industry, thrift, caution. Nothing is too small for his attention. Imagination does not make prosaic details seem negligible to him. He sees their use. Personal relations do not divert him from practicality. At a White House reception he almost jerks you by him in the process of the handshake. Visitors at the Executive Mansion go through it as through a hopper. No time is wasted.

Still, he is aware of his defects. He often expresses regret to his acquaintances that he has not the ample personality of his predecessor. Yet his knowledge that he has not saves him from mistakes. Mr. Harding felt that by his magnetism alone he could hold together the divergent elements of the Republican party. Mr. Coolidge knows that he cannot.

He tries to build up the personal relations which a President of this country must have. He entertains much at the White House. He sends for editors and business men and politicians and asks them what use he can be to them. If he does not know much about the art of living, he knows much about its practice. As he left the old Coolidge home in Vermont to take office as President, a stone step

yielded under him. "Father," he said, "you must fix that step." No loose stones under his feet.

But when you have made all allowance for shrewdness and calculation in Mr. Coolidge, you still have much of him to explain. He is far too genuine to be all studied effort. Pure calculation defeats itself. You say, "This fellow is too smart." On the other hand, everybody in Washington is saying of Mr. Coolidge, "There must be something in this fellow," making the discovery that Mr. Irwin invited Speaker Cole to make. You cannot, for example, think of Mr. Coolidge with all his sense of political effect, writing a radical message to Congress, no matter what the temper of the moment may be.

Mr. Coolidge has convictions, or, remembering his Pilgrim origin, I might better say Mr. Coolidge has faiths, for I do not think his position so much reasoned as felt. He has a hereditary instinct to stick close to what is, to distrust change and movement. His ancestors stuck to the Vermont hills when their more restless and imaginative neighbors yielded to the lure of the fertile Western plains. By industry and thrift they made the best of what they had and loved the familiar surroundings. They were cautious. They were content to walk humbly. Mr. Coolidge was born to conservatism. All radi-

calism spends its force in its revolt and settles down to conservatism, supremely content with its accomplishment. And New England radicalism spent its force in the religious revolt of the seventeenth and the political revolt of the eighteenth century. There is not enough vitality left in your true New-Englander to make him reorient his position.

I think I have said before that the President gives the impression of under-vitality rather than over-vitality. He wastes no energy. He does not radiate vitality, like Roosevelt or even like Harding. His humor is characteristic. He has it, no matter what is said on the contrary. But it is the humor of under-vitality. It does not bubble or gurgle. His habit is under-statement; he boils a laugh down to a chuckle, and a chuckle down to a smile.

Men of great vigor are willing to scrap what is, confident that they can substitute something better. If the vigor is not there, there is more caution. Now there are other explanations of conservatism, such as self-interest, hardening of the arteries, and so on. But I was explaining the man who is "born a little conservative." Mr. Coolidge's ancestors wouldn't even scrap the Vermont hills at the invitation of the Western plains.

And there is another side to it. When a man

has the singed-cat sense, he reacts in one of two ways to it. He either gets angry at it, denies its existence, builds up a fictitious self, which he substitutes for his real self, and says to himself, "I am not a singed cat; I am God." This kind of man has no principles. He has no need of any. Principles would merely hedge in such divinity. Or if it doesn't work this way, he accepts the singed cat and says, "I am one; but by industry, thrift, self-control, constant watchfulness, by walking humbly I can nevertheless do much." Such a man needs all the outside aid he can get. He takes to principles as surely as he grows whiskers. They are his guide-rail and his prop. They keep him upright. He has as many faiths as he can conveniently carry about with him. Such a man is Mr. Coolidge. He is the least of an egoist there has been in the White House since Lincoln. His caution, the immobility of his ancestors, his moderate vitality, all combine to make him a conservative. That is the solid part of Coolidge.

He has faith in our institutions. He loves them. Didn't his ancestors help set them up? They are part of his pride and glory. Others may love them because they are the bulwark of property. Mr. Coolidge also loves them for themselves. Mr.

Harding got us back to McKinley. Mr. Coolidge takes us all the way back to the Adamses. There is a certain gain. It is a good, solid spot from which to reorient the future.

He has faith in democracy. The picture he has in his head of this world is of one in which the little fellow has an even chance. Didn't he have his, and wasn't he a little fellow? He is a more real democrat at heart than any President I can remember. You feel this at the press conferences in which he takes part. Mr. Harding used to say, "The President thinks," or, "The Executive will do," this or that. Mr. Coolidge says, "I think," or "I will do," this or that. It is Calvin Coolidge talking with you man to man walking humbly, not magnified by the office. The same simplicity in his nature keeps him from allowing the Presidency to be used to advertise himself or his family. There is better taste in the White House than in a long time; no personal display.

Besides which, there runs through everything Mr. Coolidge has written an old-fashioned sense of morality. He is a "good man" in the early sense of the words.

By industry, by keeping the faith, by modest self-regarding he has builded something solid out of a



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man to whom nature had not been very generous. By shrewdness, calculation, and unremitting effort he has put that something into a high place. But even after you have exhausted all the pleasures of discovery you cannot say that that something is great. He is a useful President.

He is practical enough to see that radicalism and conservatism don't mix, honest enough to be frankly conservative, and shrewd enough to realize that conservatism may pay in 1924. But he has neither the mental power nor the imagination nor the positive courage to provide a new formula for the future. With his hard sense he brings about a fine discernment of the realities. He sharpens issues dulled by futile compromises. He says the things men want to have said.

That was all he did regarding the Boston police strike. He did not settle that strike. He has not the daring or egoism to precipitate himself unnecessarily into a difficult situation. When the police strike was over, he said the things the country wanted to have said about it, and consistently with his own natural conservatism. His words rather than his actions made him a hero. It was the same with the coal strike. He walked humbly toward Washington.

Greatness is not so tight as Mr. Coolidge is. A powerful and original mind is more careless, bolder than his. In estimating Mr. Coolidge we must not forget that series of articles Mr. Coolidge as Vice-President wrote for a woman's magazine when the "red terror" made us shiver most. The series was entitled "Enemies of the Republic: Are the Reds Stalking our College Women?" I acquit Mr. Coolidge of the caption. The first article is aptly led by a large picture of a sheep in spectacles lecturing with book and pointer to a group of little sheep. At second glance one sees that the teacher sheep is a wolf in sheep's clothing. The case he makes out against the wolf consists of extracts from college magazines. Here are a few of the terrors that then infested the Vice-Presidential mind.

"In the Vassar Miscellany we find that Miss Smith, of the Vassar faculty, during the 1920 spring vacation, 'was in Washington, where she went to various hearings before the Senate committee. The most interesting was the Marten's hearing, *where Miss Smith was quite favorably impressed by the Soviet Ambassador, and struck by his moderation and intelligence compared to the narrowness of some of the committee.*'" [The italics are Coolidge's.]

"At the Socialist Club soirée Miss Hutchinson,

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discussing Bebel's *Women under Socialism*, said: 'The inspection of one radical idea usually acts as an entering wedge for others,' " and in a description of the society's convention he quotes and italicizes: "*A man from Harvard took first prize for his scholarly speech on conscription of wealth.*"

At Wellesley "There is a Mary Calkins, professor of philosophy (she is said to have voted for Debs for President at the recent election) who is reported in the Wellesley College News of Oct. 4, 1918, as holding that '*It is not necessary for us to part with our flag as long as it stands for nothing wholly and separately American, and as long as it represents the highest spiritual ideals of truth, righteousness and brotherhood.*' "

I am informed that he did not write these articles; that they were prepared by the magazine in which they appeared, and that he merely lent his name to them for a consideration. But even the twaddle to which a public man signs his name is some measure of his mind. Mr. Coolidge must have shared in the silly hysteria which prompted their publication, for he is too honest and conscientious to put out as his own articles in which he did not believe.

It is always difficult to measure truly the size of the man who happens to occupy the Presidency.

The public is always unwilling to hear that its affairs are being directed by no more than a commonplace intelligence. It only feels safe through its illusion of a great and wise ruler. And moreover one is always restrained by the thought that the occupant of the White House may rise to the opportunities of the Presidency and reveal unsuspected capacities.

The process of creating the myth of greatness about Mr. Coolidge was unusually amusing. He had been one of the least regarded of our Vice-Presidents. He was unprepossessing. He made few friends. And everyone was more or less ashamed of having been fooled into unduly praising his part in the Boston police strike. Almost in an hour he had to be endowed with all those qualities which we insist upon having in our Presidents. As a people we rose grandly to the task. In a week the only thing there was in common between Mr. Coolidge, the Vice-President, and Mr. Coolidge, the President, was his name. A new personality had been created. An affable man of fine intellect and lofty character had taken the place of the silent, dried-up figure about whom we thought we had been cheated a little when we elected him Vice-President.

And into the creation of the Coolidge myth there

speedily went something more than the generous impulses of a child-like people, endowing its ruler with the magical gifts which men have always found it necessary to impute to the representative of heaven upon earth whom they have set up for their safety. Soon after Mr. Coolidge became President arose the question whether or not to halve the tax rates upon large incomes which had been imposed during the war under the mistaken notion that this wealth could be made to pay the costs of war and which many politicians thought fit to maintain as a sign of the nation's virtuous attitude toward the concentration of wealth and power. It was the most vital issue to be presented since President Wilson proposed to make the earth the permanent abode of peace by giving the world at large a Congress patterned upon our own and since Congress revolted at the thought that an enlarged replica of itself could do anything but mischief.

All the most vocal forces in the nation, organized business, the newspaper proprietors with large incomes, the newspapers themselves, or many of them, with undivided surpluses, perceived that the prospects of Mr. Mellon's tax reduction proposals would be heightened by contributing to the legend of Mr. Coolidge's greatness, wisdom and purity of



purpose, and correspondingly lessened by any criticism of the President no matter how moderate and reasonable.

Then it appeared that the issue over taxes, which was compromised, was only the beginning of a new division of opinion which promised to bring into being a more radical party, or at least a permanent radical bloc that would control Congress, no matter which of the two old parties was in power. So Mr. Coolidge became the hope of the conservative elements of the country, always better equipped to mould opinion of men and measures than their rivals. So it resulted that the press was never so united, no not even when Mr. Bryan was trying to halve our dollars, in support of one man, without regard to party. Mr. Coolidge has enjoyed the immunity from criticism, even from honest appraisal, that is accorded a war President. Some Democratic journals even feared to say that Mr. Daugherty, the Attorney General, was not an ornament to our national life lest they might somehow be pulling out one of the props of the existing order. And all of them were agreed that the Senate in exposing corruption was bringing nearer the day when we should have in America so dangerous a government as that headed in England by Mr. Ramsay

Macdonald. It is Mr. Coolidge's luck, his proverbial luck, that he presides over so timorous a society.

For my part, I think we may safely cast our fears aside and inspect Mr. Coolidge with an eye to the truth. He has been President long enough so that we know him for what he is, a useful, safe, moderate man of excellent intentions. In mental stature he is an equal of his predecessors like Hayes, Arthur, Harrison, McKinley, Taft and Harding. In character, he surpasses some of these. All the safeguards which we have set about office have for their purpose securing men of the Coolidge sort. It is only an accident when the bigger fish like Cleveland, Roosevelt and Wilson slip through the meshes by which we try to exclude them. The Democrats this year say that they have a large man as candidate in Mr. Davis. I am going to contribute to his election by showing later in this book that the evidences of his greatness are superficial and should not count too much against him.

I have inquired of men from Massachusetts who knew Mr. Coolidge before the glamor of the Presidency fell upon him, and they say under their breaths and casting their eyes about to see if they are observed, that he has not a large mind. If they mean by this he is not a man of ideas, of mental

range, contact with whom is stimulating, they are right. He is narrow and practical. He uses the mind he has intensively rather than extensively.

When the International Dairy Conference was held here in Washington some Russians came by express invitation. At the head of the delegation was a young Communist named Kaminsky, who was not a farmer, but a worker who by his energy and ability had attracted the attention of the Soviet authorities. He was in Berlin, which is a little nearer Washington than is Moscow, when he received his orders to turn up here as a dairyman. President Coolidge made a speech to the international cow milkers which was duly translated to the Russians, Kaminsky speaking no English. A Russian asked Kaminsky afterward what the President had said.

"He said," replied the young delegate, "that a cow was a useful animal, that milk was a good food, that with so many people living in cities dairying had become the world over an important industry. Why, he talked just like our own Kalenin" (Kalenin is the so-called President of the Soviet Republic). "I suppose," added Kaminsky, "that every country has to have its Kalenin."

Reports of conversations at the White House, conversations which are spreading the word through-

out the country that the President is not silent but talkative, all agree upon the commonplace character of the subjects he discusses. He talks of walking as an ideal form of exercise, of country schools and the school books he studied as a boy, of the roads in Vermont and where you turn off from the main highway to reach a certain village, of life on the farm in the Vermont hills, of the beautiful views from the White House windows—all Kaleninisms. Never by any chance do you encounter a sign of a powerful or original mind, or one with wide and stimulating interests. The President concentrates upon the routine tasks of the White House and the small politics of the national campaign, and relaxes with the obvious and stereotyped.

A curious illustration of his small range came to my attention recently. The Institute of Economics made some time ago a study of Germany's capacity to pay reparations. One of the directors or trustees of the Institute afterward called at the White House. He was asked by the President if in his opinion Germany would be able to pay.

"That depends upon conditions," he replied.

"How's that?" asked Mr. Coolidge, "I thought the obligation to pay was absolute."

"It depends," the President was told, "on whether

Germany has a favorable balance of trade, whether she is permitted to pay her debt in the goods she exports."

"Why!" said Mr. Coolidge, "the terms of the treaty call for a payment in gold. A favorable balance of trade has to do with a nation's prosperity but I don't see what it has to do directly with the payment of reparations."

It was explained that Germany had no gold and could not get gold except through the sale abroad of the goods she produced, that no big international debt could ever be paid in gold and that gold was really only a measure of the debt and of the goods that were offered in payment of it. When the man from the Institute finished, the President called for a stenographer. "Will you please repeat what you have just said?" asked the President, "I'd like to have it taken down on paper."

Now of course this little bit of knowledge is a part of the common information of every school boy. You have to think it through once to understand it and never forget it, but the President's mind does not range that far away from the practical every-day problems that confront him.

Being unemotional himself he does not respond to outbursts of popular feeling, he does not know

how to use them and may sometime be overwhelmed by one of them. He does not understand men in the mass and the result is that in politics he counts his votes by ones instead of by the hundred thousands. Having little imagination he does not play upon the popular imagination but rather watches sharply for every man of influence who comes to Washington.

He is the kind of man so common in small towns who looks up unquestioningly to the big man of the town. He has immense respect for success as measured by wealth. In his youth in Massachusetts politics his infallible guide was W. Murray Crane, Massachusetts' greatest business man. Secretary Mellon, one of the nation's greatest business men, is his Murray Crane today. It is not without significance that of his two closest friends and advisers one is a millionaire merchant of Boston, and another is a millionaire cotton manufacturer of Fall River. More millionaires have been entertained at the White House in his administration than ever before in so short a period. I do not wish to imply that his is a "government of the interests." He is much too conscientious to deal in favors. But he counts his votes by ones, and a millionaire is a very large one. If I may make an invidious comparison, the miser



lacking imagination watches his fortune pile up, counting the individual dollars; the financial genius pays no attention to his dollars but gives all his mind to the constructive work by which he creates wealth. Mr. Coolidge is not a political genius.

When big movements are to be made involving popular emotions he is struck all of a heap and is slow to act. He acted in the Boston police strike only after others had broken it. He dismissed Attorney General Daugherty only after public patience had been exhausted. He saw Daugherty as one of his accumulated hoard of votes, a person with influence in Ohio, larger than he saw him as a symbol in the popular mind of the evil that had survived from the era of Fall, Jess Smith and Doheny.

The Republicans in the Senate were frightened. The Republican party had ceased to be a party; it was a panic. Only the man in the White House with his stolid nerves and his slow imagination seemed cool. Mere reporters with nothing at stake but the latest scrap of news or catching the eye of a few more readers were wild with excitement, their nerves worn to a frazzle. But Mr. Coolidge, with the fate of his party at stake and perhaps his own election to the Presidency, was less moved than if he had been gathering hay on his Vermont farm

under the threat of a rising thunder cloud. Communiqués from the White House ran like this: A Senator visits the President and finds him "the most serene and least excited man at the capital." One of the President's intimates reported that, with the Senate clamoring for the heads of Denby and Daugherty, Mr. Coolidge "takes a two-hour nap every day."

Senator Borah and Attorney General Daugherty had it out in his presence whether Mr. Daugherty should resign or not, and the President spoke not more than four or five times during a couple of hours' controversy. You might have thought the Senator and Attorney General were discussing mah jong instead of the question whether the public had lost confidence in the Administration of the Department of Justice. For me, that daily nap was as astounding a fact as the Sioux Indian's unchanging face when, tied to a stake, the fire burns up around his legs. It always seemed to me that Sioux Indian might smile while the fire was burning to his ankles, but that he ought to look grave while it climbed to his knees, and that when it rose above that point he should make a few appropriate remarks.

The whole episode exhibited the weakest side of Mr. Coolidge. He desired to be rid of Daugherty

but for a long time he could not bring himself to act. He hoped Daugherty would see the predicament in which he was placed and resign. He dodged the responsibility for asking Daugherty to resign by calling in Senator Borah to tell Daugherty that he should resign. But to Daugherty, control of the Department of Justice and its Secret Service agents was vital to the fight he was making to save his reputation. He could not resign.

The President conferred endlessly with Daugherty, four times on one occasion in twenty-four hours. But Daugherty was incoherent—bewildering—nothing could be got out of him. The President was utterly at sea.

The convenient fiction was adopted that Mr. Daugherty could not be dismissed without a trial. It was absurd. There is no way of trying a Cabinet officer, and no impartial hearing by a Senate Committee is possible. But in the end the President discharged his Attorney General after as one-sided an investigation as possible, but one which established that there had been corruption within the halls of the Department of Justice.

The delay of the President might have been fatal to him had not the issue of corruption under his predecessor been overshadowed by the larger issue

of whether conservatives or radicals should control the government in the future. And I think properly, for the economic issue is the big issue before the country. Nothing is to be gained by punishing Mr. Coolidge for the sins of Mr. Harding. No one doubts that Mr. Coolidge will give the country as honest an administration as any of his rivals.

Mr. Coolidge's character moreover helped people to overlook his weakness. No more conscientious man has ever sat in the White House. The oil scandals have put a premium upon the possession of the simpler virtues by the occupant of the White House.

Here is what people are thinking, according to a man who knows the small towns of the West pretty thoroughly. "When you try to figure out the prospects of next November," says he, "just bear in mind what Gopher Prairie is thinking about Washington. A whisper has run all through the sewing circles, the churches and scandalized small-town society, which makes the capital of our beloved country out to be nothing better than the chief city of Gomorrah. Sin, according to this whisper, has been having a high old time of it in this city. Gossip which has had its day here and which has been

forgotten as grossly exaggerated has been echoing through the rural regions, magnifying at every repetition. The oil scandal? Why, the oil scandal is dismissed as an incident, 'just what was to be expected among people like that.' Now, Mr. Coolidge profits from the shock to the national conscience. He is the effective contrast to all that is imagined about the period that has come to a close. He satisfies the Puritan that is in us all. Don't make any mistake. He has the women with him and the church elements, all of those quiet voters who rallied to Wilson on the ground that 'he kept us out of war.' The 'good' people of the country—and they are a vast number—are for him."

I suspect that there is much truth in this. Mr. Coolidge is at least as likely to profit by the scandals which at one time threatened to ruin his party as he is to suffer by them. He has all the private virtues which we ordinarily take for granted, but which recent developments have caused to seem important.

Having seen Vice-Presidents nominated by tired conventions in the "Let us get somebody or other in the second place and go home" spirit, Mr. Coolidge's accession to the Presidency didn't arouse in me any large expectations. He was a good, safe man, might

even be somewhat of an improvement upon Mr. Harding, but he would hardly do more than mark time in what remained of his term in office. Then he wrote his annual message to Congress. He became interesting. He was willing to take sides. He was not one of these "on the one hand, on the other" fellows. He wasn't trying to get people of all shades of opinion to vote for him. At one stroke he made his party definitely conservative. If he had stood on his head on top of Washington Monument, he couldn't have done anything more novel.

I have changed my mind about Mr. Coolidge several times since then, now seeing more in him than I thought there was, now seeing less, but without ever losing respect for that message, for his making the decision so many Republicans have wanted to make, but which no one before him with sufficient authority quite dared to make. I thought when he hesitated over dismissing Attorney General Daugherty that though he was decisive upon principles, he was indecisive in action.

The important thing, however, is that he has been consistent. His veto of the bonus did not seem to me so significant. Almost any President who was worth his salt would have vetoed that measure.



More worth while was the message signing the Tax Bill. He pledged himself to work in favor of the reduction of taxes on larger incomes. He did not dodge that issue, but projected it into the campaign. He has made the elements that are for him solidly for him.

Mr. Coolidge has given the country so far as a President can—for Congress is made up of weaker vessels—an instrument for the carrying out of one well-defined view of public policy. The country hasn't had one for twenty-five years.

He made a party out of nothing, for nothing but a political panic existed when the Presidency descended to him upon the death of President Harding. I do not think he contemplated the full results of his acts. With his habit of relying upon authority he put himself into Mr. Mellon's hands without fully realizing what was going to happen. He has profited by his very limitations, his incurious mind, his habit of taking the advice of the big man of his community, in this case of his cabinet.

Conservatism since the war had taken on the mob psychology that we used to associate with popular movements, and progressivism had become hesitantly intellectual. Mr. Coolidge is the unconscious demagogue of conservatism. I do not think he fully

intended the movement he created. He talks always in private of "liberalizing the party." He flirts with the Borahs, Kenyons and Couzenses. Conservatism long wanting a hero seized him and made him its own.

"I wonder if they are going to like to be called conservative?" one of my constant readers asked as she ran over the list of convention names—Burton, temporary chairman; Mondell, permanent chairman; the other Burton to make the nominating speech, and Warren to write the resolutions—and read the news that even the usual straddle on the Vice-Presidency was to be avoided. It's going to be a test of the honesty of the movement, whether they like the name that goes with it.

It's an odd thing about that word "conservative," that if you call a man conservative in his tastes he beams upon you; if you call him conservative in business his credit at the bank improves; but if you call him conservative in politics he has until recently felt as if you were trying to cast aspersions upon his intellect. I recently read a letter of introduction which I took to Russia with me. I had no occasion to present it, so I read it. It said: "He is a conservative, but—" "Why, confound the fellow," I said to myself, "I thought he was a friend!" That

was, of course, before I knew for sure that Mr. Coolidge was going to lead the conservatives out of the wilderness. \_

Ever since the days of Roosevelt the progressives have been able to put it all over the conservatives. They were the fellows whose minds were open, who were alive to new ideas. You adhered to a tiny speck of radicalism and this proved your intellectual superiority. A conservative was a sort of mental tight-wad. When you read that you were a conservative, as I did, you felt as though you were reading a report of the Life Extension Institute which showed you afflicted with high blood pressure and other degenerative processes.

Of course, the progressives had all the best of the names. Progressive—why, a fellow that believed in progress; and progress—why, progress was a scientific fact. A progressive was a fellow whose mind was attuned to the jazz of the spheres. Then, too, the progressive had a pleasant alias. He was a liberal. When you heard the word you had a mental picture of a man diving into his pocket freely for every worthy cause. A liberal was a man who was equally generous to every worthy new idea. Language has been rather unfair to the conservatives.

If Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon have changed all this, it's a sign perhaps that the country has grown up. Of course, it has put the conservatives in countenance to be able to say to the superior progressives, "Your friends the Russians." But perhaps we have reached the point England long ago arrived at, for in England conservatives are not only glad to call themselves conservatives but feel superior when they do so.

The attempt of Mr. Coolidge to nominate, first, Senator Borah and then Judge Kenyon for the Vice-Presidency proves that he did not wholly mean to make his party the perfect instrument of conservatism that he has made it.

I have heard what I think is the authentic explanation of that strange incident of the campaign, the announcement that Senator Borah had been chosen by the Administration as the candidate for Vice-President and Senator Borah's prompt refusal to run. Mr. Borah had always been the President's personal choice for his running mate. Relations between the two had been close and friendly. The Idaho Senator had on the whole been a more consistent supporter of the Administration on the hill than had been most of the so-called regular Republicans. The Administration had called off the con-

servative Republican opposition to Mr. Borah in his own state just as it later called off the opposition to Senator Couzens' nomination in Michigan. Secretary Mellon, who has done so much to give a conservative character to the Republican party, favored Mr. Borah for Vice-President.

To all suggestions that he should take second place on the ticket Mr. Borah had replied that the Vice-Presidency was distasteful to him and that his nomination, since he was not in agreement with his party, would be illogical and would do no good. The President sent for Mr. Borah after the Convention in Cleveland was in session and asked him to take second place. Mr. Borah did not come back with a pointblank "No," but objected to the platform. The differences between Mr. Borah and his party did not seem to the President vital. He accordingly suggested that Mr. Borah could make his own platform in his speech of acceptance. Mr. Borah demurred to this.

The President suggested, it is said, that he would stand by Mr. Borah and give his speech of acceptance his approval and that the making of the campaign would be largely in Mr. Borah's hands as he, the President, would be kept by his duties in Washington from taking the stump. The idea could

hardly have failed to find a lodgment in Mr. Borah's mind that he might be four years from now conspicuously available for promotion to the Presidency. Mr. Borah, like most men, finds it hard to say "no" flatly to an urgent request. At any rate the President did not think he had a "no" out of the Senator. At any rate the Administration guessed and guessed wrong. The slip that was made in the opinion of some friends of the President was the announcement at Cleveland that Mr. Borah had been selected. This gave the Senator an opportunity to refuse before the nomination had been made. If, they say, the plan had been kept secret and Mr. Borah had been nominated he might have accepted. But this is only guessing. This year a record has been made for declining nominations. Senator Ralston refused a nomination for President that was almost surely his. And Governor Lowden refused one for Vice-President that was already made. Mr. Borah's disinclination was undoubtedly as great as that of either Senator Ralston or Governor Lowden.

Mr. Coolidge's convention might have taken Mr. Borah, though it would not have liked the bargain the President suggested with him. It would have none of Judge Kenyon. It revelled in its freedom from "those damned Progressives." Conservatism



rushed Mr. Coolidge off his feet in the end. It gave him General Dawes by the way of showing how glad it was to throw off all the restraints hitherto imposed by political expediency.



CANDIDATE DAVIS



## CANDIDATE DAVIS

THE Democratic National Convention went mad the moment it reached New York. It became madder and madder as the days went by. A political feudist with colossal egoism kept one half of it voting for him for one hundred ballots. Hard-lipped men from the plains sat in their seats endlessly full of hate. Fanatical women prayed night and morning against the scarlet lady of Babylon. Lively Celts mistook the combat for an Irish revolution in which they shoot each other instead of the common enemy. "We are making a glorious fight, a glorious fight," said one of them in the midst of it.

And out of all this madness came John W. Davis, the most sweetly reasonable candidate that has ever been offered for the Presidency. He is reason come out of unreason appealing to the great unreason of the day, to the sane and moderate and gentle and sweet like himself; for I think the convention, the Ku Klux Klan, the immoderate anger in the press

last spring that corruption should be exposed, the thousand and one defense societies which find a listening ear for their inanities, the panic over remote Russia floundering in her difficulties, are symptoms of a day in which handsome, happy, urbane, tolerant, moderate, wise John W. Davis plays a charming and not untimely part, "an ineffectual angel beating his wings" in a storm of political hard feeling. Pinched-faced, hard-lipped Mr. Coolidge unconsciously fits better into the sullen mood of our politics than this "old-fashioned gentleman" with his aristocratic superiority to common fears and hatreds, his charm, his graciousness, his postprandial comfortableness, his sweet reasonableness.

The Democratic convention relapsed after naming Mr. Davis. It added a touch of unreason to its reason by putting up also Mr. Charles W. Bryan, politically breast-fed by Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who numbers tolerance and reason among the seven deadly sins.

And as if it were not enough to offer Mr. Bryan with Mr. Davis, it offers also Mr. Morgan with Mr. Bryan, Mr. Morgan, on the hatred of whom Mr. Bryan nurtured the Democratic party for several decades.



John W. Davis was nominated by the Democrats precisely because he was Mr. Morgan's lawyer. That shining circumstance lifted him out of the ranks of mere favorite sons and made him a great figure. The very connection which it was supposed would make his nomination impossible brought it about. During the early days of the New York deadlock men went about saying, "If John Davis had only gone back to West Virginia to practice law, he would be certain to be nominated." They were wrong. It is to be borne in mind, however, that it was the eminence he had secured in his profession, and his distinctive ability, that caused him to be selected as a Morgan adviser.—The political leaders for once took the ground that big business should not be permitted to monopolize all the best legal talent of the country.

If he had gone back to his state to practice law, he would have been the nearly forgotten ex-Ambassador to Great Britain, getting for a few ballots the handful of votes from West Virginia. Public men do not survive four years' retirement from office unless meantime something in their private life serves to advertise them. If Mr. Davis had become a West Virginia lawyer, he would have been as important in the convention as Newton Baker, the

Ohio lawyer. Mr. Baker has just as good a legal mind as Mr. Davis. He makes a better speech than Mr. Davis. His personality operates somewhat against him, while Mr. Davis's personality operates in his favor. But the real difference between the two was that Mr. Davis was Mr. Morgan's lawyer. What really nominated Mr. Davis was the whisper that went around the country a few months ago, "He's Mr. Morgan's lawyer, getting a retainer of \$350,000 a year." The retainer was probably exaggerated, but it made Mr. Davis a figure.

Mr. Davis had ten times the fame at New York that he had four years ago at San Francisco, all because meanwhile he had obtained as a client the most famous banker in the United States. Four years ago he was only one of the several to whom the convention might turn if it might not otherwise break the deadlock, but no more important and no more likely a candidate than Homer Cummings, to mention no other. This year he was "the best-equipped man for the Presidency," the one to whom all the delegates wished to turn if Mr. Bryan would let them swallow the Camel that had to go with him. What gave him all this new glory? The fame of his client.

It is great clients that make great lawyers. What

does it profit a man publicly to be admired in his own profession for the quality of his mind if he is comparatively briefless? Lawyers are like authors: One may have a good style, something to say, a point of view, courage, but if one have not big royalties, one may be a favorite of critics, a writers' writer, but not a great author. Mr. Davis was a lawyers' lawyer, while he was Solicitor General of the United States. Now he is Mr. Morgan's lawyer.

The glamor of Mr. Morgan illuminates Mr. Davis, and rightly. If you go to Mr. Davis's office in Broad Street, New York, you read on the door, "Stetson, Jennings, Russell & Davis." The "& Davis" is tremendous to any one who knows the history of New York law firms. Stetson, Jennings & Russell was the law firm of the present Mr. Morgan's father, perhaps of his grandfather. I think all the old partners are dead. At any rate, they have retired. There are a dozen or so partners. Some of them are famous. Mr. Frank L. Polk, once Assistant Secretary of State, a man of excellent ability and great personal charm, is a partner, but his name is not added to the historic Stetson, Jennings & Russell. Mr. Wardwell, nephew and heir of Francis Lynde Stetson, once senior partner, is a partner, but his name does not disturb the tradi-

tional shingle of Wall Street's greatest firm. Mr. Davis joins up, and the name as durable as that of J. P. Morgan & Co. itself becomes Stetson, Jennings, Russell & Davis.

The instinct of the Democratic Convention was doubtless right. The retainer of Mr. Morgan does not color Mr. Davis's views nor commit him to Mr. Morgan nor to any political theory that serves Mr. Morgan's interests. You feel about Mr. Davis, more perhaps than about any other public man since Roosevelt, that he does belong to himself and to no one else. There is a certain largeness about him that goes perhaps with good birth, good health, self-confidence, a sense that life is in his own hands, the independence of an aristocrat in the best sense of the word. It was in no conventional sense that he wrote:

"No one in all this list of clients has ever controlled or even fancied that he could control my personal or my political conscience. I am vain enough to believe that no one ever will."

There are men born to feel that they are captains of their soul. And Mr. Davis is one. He is one of life's fair-haired boys. He has never had reason to be afraid. When he sells his legal services he does not throw in his soul for good measure.

Doubtless his availability as a candidate is affected by the circumstance of his being on Mr. Morgan's pay roll. An argument has been put into the mouth of Senator La Follette, who will doubtless say that the House of Morgan is over represented on both the old party tickets, with Mr. Coolidge, friend and classmate of one partner, Mr. Morrow, who has picked the two Republican campaign fund collectors, Mr. Hodge and Mr. Pomeroy, nominated by the Republicans; with Gen. Dawes, one of the Morgan banking connections in the West, running for Vice-President as Mr. Coolidge's associate; and with Mr. Davis, Mr. Morgan's lawyer, offered as Hobson's choice to the voters as the Democratic candidate for President. The larger minds of the older parties will this year as by common consent rise above this issue.

The first time I heard of John W. Davis was when he was Solicitor General of the United States. Then I was told that he was "the best lawyer practicing before the Supreme Court." The next time I heard of him was from London correspondents of the American newspapers—that he was "the best man we had had in London." These memories were short, but he was still "the best." Now what he most commonly is called is "the best candidate in

any party for the Presidency." And certain it is that he is Wall Street's best lawyer. If I could run back over his record I would probably find that he was once "the best lawyer in his county," and that a little later he was "the best lawyer in his State" of West Virginia, and, again, that he was "the best of the younger members of the House of Representatives."

I saw him the other day at the Princeton commencement. He wore the disguise of a mortar-board and gown and I was at a distance, so I did not recognize him. I thought, what is that worldly and interesting face doing among these other worldly academic faces. It absorbed my attention. He bowed his head to the executioner's gesture with which the master of ceremonies puts the purple noose of doctor of laws about the neck. Few survive it, but I think he will. He turned about to speak and I settled down comfortably, thinking that wit would surely flow from that countenance. You could hear him a dozen times speak solidly and still have that comfortable illusion.

I have not looked up his origin, but an Irishman looking at his face would feel that it was a brother's. One of the "Turkies" would say, "This fellow is all right; he'll speak to us after he is in the White



House!" And big business regarding him smiles kindly.

I do not know any public man who makes a better first impression than he does. He is handsome. He is healthy and plainly enough loves life. I have never seen a face that aroused so many and so agreeable expectations. And like the guest that knows enough never to outstay his welcome, Mr. Davis has always moved so quickly from one place to another as never to live down the first impression. He was a little while in his State Legislature, a little while in the Solicitor General's office, a place rather out of the public view; a little while at the Court of St. James's, and he has been a little while in Wall Street. It would be almost too bad to make him stay four years in the Presidency, for in the difficult time that is at hand it will be hard for any man to live up to first impressions.

Nature has been exceptionally kind to Mr. Davis. In making him look as he does she has won half the battle for him. And success consciously deserved has finished the perfect work she began. He is so sure of himself, so much at ease, at such good terms with the world, so handsome, so happy that only the most dismal experiences with him could prevent your forming a most favorable opinion of him. I have

quoted elsewhere the perfect word about President Coolidge "like the singed cat, he is better than he looks." I wish I could find the perfect word about Mr. Davis. The line teeters on the point of my pencil; "he looks too good to be true," but I cannot bring myself to write it. I am under the spell of that charming exterior. I cannot write it. But somehow you cry out for the deed which is all John Davis, which is not a mere lawyer's service, and which will meet all the expectations which his presence and personality arouse.

The white hair, prematurely silvered, topping the ruddy countenance, gives him a look of wisdom beyond his years. The worn red covering of Mr. Coolidge's skull arouses much lesser expectations. The urbane manner, worldly in the best sense, suggests large experience. No pent-up Utica has confused his mind. He is a citizen of the world. He has dwelt at the centres of life. He has exchanged counsel with kings of men and kings of finance. He has had a thousand significant contacts to one that Mr. Coolidge had had when he became President. You feel all this when you look at him. No wonder that he makes a marvellous first impression.

The face is worthy of especial study, for if you can really read a face you have the whole story of

life and character. Mr. Davis's face is not a mask; it has nothing to conceal. It looks out frankly upon the world and likes it. I cannot put it better than I did a few lines back and say that it is the face of one who is on good terms with the world. It is kindly. It is good-humored. The eyes are fine. The brow is broad and intelligent. The glance is tolerant and inclusive. The look is of one who enjoys life, to whom life has been propitious. We all instinctively like a man who enjoys life, who has been one of fortune's favorites. He emits a little momentary sunshine. We bask in the radiance of the favor that is his.

Whom the gods love may grow gray young but they go down to their graves with the unwritten-on faces of youth. I think this is the meaning of the old Greek proverb, "Whom the gods love die young." They are so happy, so happy, whom the gods love. Why should fear ever darken their countenances? Why should they ever question fate or life and have puzzled lines on their faces for the answers they receive? Why should intensity of purpose ever contract their brows? The gods love them, that is enough. Why should idealism ever light a strange light in their eyes? Life for them is ideal, for the gods love them. Suffering writes

no lines upon them. Profound emotion they are spared. Passion never burns out the softer metal, leaving the remaining ore furnace-blasted. The gods love them and the gods are the great beauty specialists. Under its white crown of hair Mr. Davis's face is fresh, fair and youthful. No line cuts it deeply. No tragedy has come into Mr. Davis's life, or if one has he has been too strong to let it leave a trace. The face is not battle scarred from any fight. No mark of passion is on it. A sweet reasonableness has kept it smooth. The mind within maintains its even course, untouched by great emotion, unswayed by excitement.

Mr. Davis's mind is as smooth and round as his face. No harsh angularities about it spoil the perfect approval in which it is held by courts and editors and great clients. No extreme views come from that mind. It has the habit of the golden mean. One can not recall Mr. Davis's during his whole life taking an unusual position upon anything. It is not that he is a conformist from weakness or timidity; far from it, he is a conformist because he is so sane, so reasonable. We applaud men who are able to advance powerful reasons for regularity. They are popular. It flatters us to find a fine mind on our side.

Mr. Edward G. Lowry, writing of Mr. Davis, says:

"When he appeared in the Supreme Court Chamber every interested observer used to be reminded of a lot of doting grandfathers enjoying the performance of a precocious and favorite grandson. The Court fairly hovered over Mr. Davis in its solicitude, particularly Chief Justice White. The Court can be most unapproachable and aloof in its demeanor toward the bar, as every lawyer who has appeared before it knows. But it never heckled its fair-haired boy."

There are just two kinds of lawyers heckled by the Supreme Court, the stupid lawyer and the bold original lawyer possessing novel views of the law. Mr. Davis is neither.

With all the charms he has of mind and body, with his sanity, his reasonableness, his gift of expressing unexceptionable views gracefully and well and enforcing them with the reasoning of an unusually able and clear mind, Mr. Davis has gone forward easily from one success to another. He was fortunate in his birth. His Virginia ancestry gave him that slightly aristocratic outlook on life which has done so much to enable him to view this troubled world with his easy confidence and calm. He sur-

veys chance and change from a slightly higher knoll than does Calvin Coolidge. He has the fearlessness of his eminence, of his broader outlook. His childhood was fortunate in that his father had moderate wealth. He never came during his early years in contact with the hard unreason of life. Educated at home, guarded a little from the roughness out of doors, he had the opportunity to develop what individuality he has. A college education, a law school degree, an election to Congress, all followed in due course. All of these advantages were more or less inevitably his. His father had been in Congress before him.

In the lower house, Mr. Davis's career was not especially distinguished. He remained a Representative only a short time and it is not easy in a few brief years to rise out of the ruck of four hundred members with seniority rules working against one. In the Judiciary Committee his services in helping to frame the Clayton Act caused members to remark the quality of his mind.

The good opinion of his abilities which was formed in this Committee led to his appointment by President Wilson as Solicitor General of the United States. It was in this office that he first made a reputation; through a triumph of all the qualities



that I have described which made him known at the Capitol, his clear, smooth-working mind, his charming personality, his social graces. He belonged among the young Wilson Democrats, as pleasing a group of public officials as has been brought to Washington in many years. Mr. Frank L. Polk, his friend and at present his law partner, also a member of this group of rising hopes of a new and better Democracy, was the counselor of the State Department, a man in some respects similar to Mr. Davis, well born, handsome, of winning personality, and clear persuasive mind. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy, recently Governor Smith's campaign manager, was another of the group, more of a natural rebel than the other two. The three were the three young Adonises of the Wilson Democracy. If Mr. Wilson took the usual satisfaction of aging men in youth, he must have regarded them with much pleasure. They represented something of which we had a touch in the Roosevelt Administration, the aristocratic attitude toward public office. Mr. Robert Lansing, then Secretary of State, was captivated with his counselor Mr. Frank L. Polk's friend, Mr. Davis. You may fill in the background of wives and dinner parties at which Supreme Court Justices meet

Cabinet members, where reputations are made of the usual compound, the responses which we all make to personal magnetism, the regard in which we all hold social flexibility and the word of mouth tributes to solid achievement. It was natural, then, that when the Ambassadorship to Great Britain became vacant, the friend of Mr. Polk and of Mr. Lansing, the man who had charmed the Supreme Court Justices, and who had the favor of social Washington, should be appointed by President Wilson to the post.

And no one more ideally fitted to go to the Court of St. James than Mr. Davis had been sent there in years. We send to that Court distinction of manner, established reputation if possible, social charm, ability to make the famous American after dinner speech, a little worldliness if possible, a touch of the aristocracy that may be bred in the shadow of the Woolworth Building and where the night sky is red from the blast furnace, a sample of our best, so that our cousins may not be supercilious about us. In effect we say, "We breed them too, though they may not be Howards or Percys or Cecils."

And it was fortunate for Mr. Davis to be sent to the Court of St. James. Up to that time he had a reputation that extended from the White House to

the Washington dinner party that was just pretentious enough to catch on occasion Cabinet member or Supreme Court Justice or younger Wilson Democrat. Now England feels, since we have become the financial capital of the world, that the least it can do is to give its imprimatur to our ambassadors. Whoever goes there comes back having charmed the greatest Court in the world. And how little of the sense of duty to the tie of blood was involved in the case of Mr. Davis. The reputation which he had among the select few in Washington became, through the graciousness of Great Britain, nationwide.

How one thing leads to another in the romantic great world of which Mr. Davis had become a part it is always difficult to trace, though the task is tempting to the unraveling instinct that is in us. When the war came on the great house of Morgan turned largely from domestic financings, like that of the New Haven Railroad, to international finance. Most of the money in the world was here. And the banking concern with the largest experience and with no German connection was J. P. Morgan and Company. It became the fiscal agent of most of the allied governments of Europe.

At the time when Mr. Davis was Ambassador to

Great Britain, \$2,000,000,000 was being loaned by the Administration to various of our allies, many of them Mr. Morgan's clients—after the war was over but while the emotion of generosity still possessed us, and while as Mr. Norman Davis, one of Mr. Wilson's advisers, wrote in one of his despatches, it was desirable to create a favorable political atmosphere abroad for Mr. Wilson's peace-making at Paris.

Mr. Frank L. Polk, now Mr. Davis's partner, one of the Morgan lawyers, was during this period either in charge of the State Department in Washington or in charge of the American peace negotiations at Paris. Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, Mr. Davis's friend and one of the Morgan partners, another of the gracious young Wilson Democrats, was Mr. Wilson's financial adviser at the Paris Conference. Mr. Morgan's house was, as I have said, the largest American house engaged in international finance. At the greatest of European capitals the able American ambassador could hardly escape favorable notice. When Mr. Davis returned to this country he became Mr. Morgan's lawyer. And as I have already pointed out the magic of Mr. Morgan's name, the fable of the \$350,000 annual retainer, proved irresistible to Democratic delegates

bent upon proving that irony too smiles upon Mr. Davis like a Chief Justice.

I think I have sketched briefly a career upon which the sun has always shone, and deservedly shone, for what is it that should make men successful but the gift for human contacts, the confidence that comes from steadily winning, the assured integrity, sweet reasonableness, and a flexible, effective mind?

A sketch of Mr. Davis's career ought to be enough. It ought not to be necessary to put a tag upon him and to classify him with a hard definiteness as a man holding a certain kind of well recognized views. Where there is hard definiteness of opinion there is more collision than there has been in the Democratic candidate's life. Mr. Wilson, certainly no extremist, collided early with the legal habit of mind and quit the law, collided with academic traditions at Princeton, collided with political machinery in New Jersey, collided with nationalist aims in Europe, collided with the Senate in Washington. His road was, the French say, *accidenté*. But this is a tagging campaign, and Mr. Davis is already tagging himself.

When one comes to placing a portrait of John W. Davis alongside those of Mr. Coolidge and Senator

La Follette to suggest what kind of man the Democrats have put up for President, one has to wrestle with the difficult question whether he is a conservative or a progressive. While the convention was going on I lunched in a Wall Street luncheon club. Everybody there wanted to see him nominated for President. They thought they recognized him as one of their own kind. On the other hand, all the campaign literature describes him as a progressive. Is he a liberal because he once appeared for "Mother" Jones and Eugene V. Debs in an injunction case and because he recently acted as attorney for a labor union, the National Window Glass Workers? Or is he a conservative because he is counsel for J. P. Morgan & Co. and for a telephone company?

Here is the story of the defense of "Mother" Jones and Debs as told by Colonel J. C. Johnson, of Clarksburg, W. Va., an old friend of Mr. Davis, in the *Washington Post*:

"'Do you see that hill?' he asked. 'Well, on top of it more than twenty-five years ago John W. Davis saved "Mother" Jones and Eugene V. Debs from a lynching.' Now the old man was referring to the events that led up to Mr. Davis's first case as a lawyer. It was at a mine strike in 1898 and 1899. 'Mother' Jones, grizzled warrior for the labor



cause, and Mr. Debs had come here to lead the union miners. The mine owners obtained an injunction against the strikers, and when Mr. Debs and the venerable woman refused to abide by it they were surrounded out on 'T. K.' hill by angry townspeople and nonunion miners. They were in the midst of a dangerous swarm. The angry mass moved forward apparently to wreak summary treatment. It was at this juncture that Mr. Davis, recently out of Washington and Lee University and flushed with his first undertaking, mounted a shabby wagon and delivered an impassioned plea. He denounced the injunction as high-handed and against all the institutions of this country and pleaded that reason take the place of mob spirit. He was successful in getting the endangered strike leaders into safety, and subsequently went into court and defended them. He won. It was his first legal victory."

One might brush aside this "Mother" Jones case as an early indiscretion, but there is something fine about Mr. Davis facing the mob in behalf of the labor leaders. That something fine is probably his sense of justice, his lawyer's instinct for legal rights. Is Secretary Hughes a progressive because he volunteered to defend the right of the Socialists

to their seats in the New York Assembly? Is Senator Pepper a radical because he studied the cases of the political prisoners and reached the conclusion that they had been convicted on insufficient evidence?

It is only fair to brush aside all of Mr. Davis's legal employment in trying to make up our minds what his views are. He isn't a progressive because he has appeared for "Mother" Jones nor a conservative because he has appeared for Mr. Morgan. He is only a lawyer taking cases as they come to him. He defines his own attitude thus: "I conceive it to be the duty of a lawyer, just as it is the duty of a priest or surgeon, to serve those who call on him, unless, indeed there is some insuperable obstacle in the way."

According to Mr. Davis's own "philosophy of life," that's what he calls it, he is a lawyer, taking the case of labor or the case of capital, without prejudice, as either client demands his services. There isn't any passion in that smooth, worldly face. "Causes" do not take possession of his soul; he only sees them in their legal aspects. His liberalism does not consist of any deep sense of the wrongs of the masses of mankind but rather of a legalistic sense of the rights of the masses of mankind. You

can't expect him to make a campaign of attack upon the "big interests," such as Mr. Bryan would have made because he is a demagogue, such as Mr. McAdoo would have made because he is at feud with the big interests, or such as Mr. La Follette will make because he has a passionate belief that the big interests are taking unfair advantage of the rest of us.

I think he won't find the economic or class issue, whatever you wish to call it, at all to his liking. With Mr. La Follette presenting one side of it and Mr. Coolidge the other, he will have a hard time attracting attention by pointing out what a middle position between the two a nice sense of law and justice leads you into. I think he will try to shift the issue. The Walsh Oil Committee and the Wheeler Daugherty Committee piled up a mass of evidence. No great lawyer has ever summed it up. Here's a case ready to Mr. Davis's hand. Here's a job to his liking. He will probably attack the Republicans from one direction while Mr. La Follette attacks them from another. Legalistic liberalism is something too nice to be put over in the heat of what may prove a violent campaign.

The chief thing we know of Mr. Davis is that he has a fine legal mind. Naturally, one thinks of the

last campaign in which we had a great lawyer running for President, that of 1916, when Mr. Hughes, a leader of the bar and a distinguished Judge, was trying to make the issue so as to escape on the one hand the charge of bringing the United States a little nearer to war and on the other of being weak-kneed about German aggressions. Mr. Hughes' fine legal mind failed him in politics. And I don't think it would have made him an ideal President. Mr. Davis's fine legal mind faces a similar problem this time. He has to avoid being indistinguishable from Mr. Coolidge and indistinguishable from Mr. La Follette. As you look at Mr. Davis's face you guess that he has faculties that Mr. Hughes lacked, that he is not all legal mind, that he has a good knowledge of the world, that he has other tests of reality than what may be put on paper.

Of all the stories that I have heard of Mr. Hughes I like best the one which describes him as emerging from the Supreme Court when he was made the Republican candidate in 1916 and going to a barber's shop and having his beard, then a preacher's beard, trimmed down to a campaign length, sitting there in the barber's chair with his shorn curls on the floor about him, feeling that something that stood between him and the world had somehow been lopped away.

You do not have to sheer Mr. Davis to put him on good terms with life.

The test of Mr. Hughes that year was whether or not he could make a party for himself out of all the opposition there was to Mr. Wilson, and he failed at it sadly.

The great test of every candidate for President is whether he can make a party out of the odds and ends of beliefs and emotions that are handed over to him by a National Convention. All he gets is an historic name, a few assets, which mostly have to be marked down, some good will, of doubtful value—it may be half-Klan and half anti-Klan—a few old customers who will never deal elsewhere. All the rest has to be the candidate himself; his ability to make a party. Any one may win this election—I am stating the broadest possibilities; the chances favor Mr. Coolidge, because he has already made a party. The chances are against Mr. Davis and Mr. La Follette, because neither of them has yet made a party.

I think I recognize the limitations of Mr. Coolidge as well as any one does. I claim to be a specialist in recognizing limitations. But the impressive fact about Mr. Coolidge is that he has made idge as well as any one does. I claim to be a

and he has made it a party. It is a party that has withstood the oil and Daugherty panic of last winter. It has been undamaged by an issue which, according to all precedents, should have destroyed the party in power. A year ago nothing was in sight but a lot of gentlemen anxiously getting out their seven-league boots to flee from the wrath to come. Today there is in place of it an impervious state of mind. It is a great thing to have an impervious state of mind in half the electorate. Wall Street will be 3 to 1 against the field any day on an impervious state of mind.

Now there is still another state of mind in the country, still pervious, still unformulated, still un-homogenated. Mr. La Follette may make a party out of it if he can only strike the attitude, say the word that will cause an explosion and recombination of all the elements that go to make up that unformed state of mind. No one doubts that Mr. La Follette has it in him to make a party, but will he get it out of him? I spoke to the wisest of conservative Republican Senators. "It all depends upon La Follette, what he says and does," said he. Which means that Mr. La Follette can make a party, not one that may win, but one that may make it impossible for any one else to win. If he doesn't, he will go to the



polls at the head of the odds and ends of a movement instead of at the head of a movement.

And the Democrats assert that it all depends upon Mr. Davis's speeches. Which is to say that Mr. Davis, too, may make a party. He may if, as that illusionless political critic, Mr. Arthur Sinnott says, he is a "miracle man." Mr. Coolidge was a miracle man when he made a party out of the gentlemen who were watching at the Republican Belshazzar's feast one year ago. An intellectual with a touch of fanaticism like Mr. Wilson could make a party. For a moment he had the whole civilized world ready to vote the Democratic ticket. But Mr. Wilson early decided that he could not be a lawyer. Can a lawyer, I mean a great lawyer, not a lawyer like Mr. Coolidge or Mr. La Follette, who have both probably forgotten all the law they ever knew, make a party? A great lawyer is terribly incomplete without his client; he is like a hand without a thumb, a man without a woman. A lawyer does not create. He does not beget. Like one of those special watchmen affected by Oriental potentates, he guards the harem of legal rights, property and otherwise. By the doctrine of compensation you lose something to become a great lawyer. The last great lawyer we had trying to make a party was Mr. Hughes, in 1916.



One can best measure Mr. Davis by referring to an incident of the Democratic National Convention. The day before he was nominated, the delegates were on the point of nominating Senator Ralson. A few more ballots and the Indiana Senator, not Mr. Davis, would have been the candidate, but Mr. Ralston withdrew his name. The reason the convention was going to nominate Mr. Ralston was the usual one: he commended himself to its sense of expediency by standing for nothing in particular. The convention's move was not changed when a few hours later it picked its candidate. Mr. Davis, too, in its opinion, stood for nothing in particular, and had the added advantage of doing so in a most distinguished way.

He calls himself a liberal. Without injustice, he may be defined as a conservative with a wider outlook, that is, a wider outlook than Mr. Coolidge's. He may also be defined as a progressive without vehemence, that is, a progressive without the vehemence of Mr. La Follette. He is reason carrying a flag of truce between the two camps. Mr. Coolidge represents instinctive conservatism, the inborn fear of change. Mr. La Follette represents radicalism, the cautious radicalism of our young nation, the will to change. Mr. Davis is liberal to both views;

his reason tells him that though things change they are always the same.

His is the wisdom of Wall Street. That much abused center has a sweeter tempered conservatism than has Pittsburg, or Cleveland, or Chicago, or Boston. Wall Street, the barometer of the country, is old and much experienced. Fascist impulses are confined to new centers of money power. The house of Morgan numbers among its partners Mr. Lamont, a liberal like Mr. Davis, and Mr. Morrow, who is so liberal that Russia may be mentioned in his presence.

But why should the public be reasonable? Does anyone who reads the daily press mistake this for an era of good feeling? Besides, do not all of today's philosophers, all our most understanding teachers, place instinct above reason? I think Mr. Coolidge best represents the present instinct of the people. That is why he has a party. I have spoken of his having "made" his party. That hardly does justice to the situation. A writer in Mr. Mencken's *American Mercury* says that the super-politicians are those who discover a Great Peril. The Great Peril in this case discovered Mr. Coolidge and took him for its own.

The faces of the three candidates tell the whole

story. Mr. Coolidge's face is sicklied o'er with the instinct of self-preservation, pinched, thin-lipped, defensive, as of one clinging to what is by the fingertips. Mr. Davis's aristocratically takes self-preservation—and much else—for granted; happy, smooth, complacent, it has in it that certain condescension of the reasonable toward the instinctive, at whatever extreme. Mr. La Follette's, again, is instinctive, with the instinct for mastery over life, aggressive, forward-thrusting, passionate. Of the three all I have to remark is, "Safety First."

## CANDIDATE LA FOLLETTE



## CANDIDATE LA FOLLETTE

I HAVE presented a sketch of the charming rationalizer of what is and what is to be (to give him full credit for his liberalism), Mr. John W. Davis. We like reason in our spokesman but not in our ruler; he might turn it upon us. Therefore the Democratic candidate is likely to remain the even-handed asserter of the rights of capital and of labor in our courts and the post-prandial suggester of the sweet reasonableness of our civilization, while we turn elsewhere to express, in our choice of a government, our practical belief that reason is a fine thing, in its place.

This time before we take our choice we have to consider a third candidate, Mr. Robert M. La Follette, the Senior Senator from Wisconsin, long and to most of us unfavorably known, as "Battle Bob." We get about as far away from reason as we approach this subject as we ever do in the amiable sphere of American politics. We were like to thrust him into jail in 1917, only he was too big for jail,

Mr. Eugene Debs, of several cubits less stature, being of the largest known jailable size. And this year, if you mention his name, the chances are that the honorable member of the bourgeoisie who hears it will turn pale, clap his hand upon his pocket and exclaim, "If you have a dollar in the world and these red fellows get into office you won't know whether the dollar will stay yours or not." He is the enemy, very much as in 1896 Mr. Bryan was the enemy; less so, only because he has not the chance of election Mr. Bryan then had; for it is generally agreed that we are not likely to put into the Presidency this time the man whom seven years ago we would have liked to put into jail.

All this is strange because Mr. La Follette is a man of great ability, probably of greater political ability than either of his rivals. I may refer, for example, to his railroad rate bill;—even the conservatives in the Interstate Commerce Committee of the Senate agreed that is the ablest and most intelligent attempt to put sense and order into the freight rate structure that has ever been made.

And because he is a man of the purest personal and political character; in all his long public career his standards of honor and service have been of the highest.



And because he has been so often right; Representative Cooper, offering his doctrine to that Diet of Worms which the Republicans held at Cleveland, reminded the guardians of our best interests that out of twenty odd of his measures they had accepted all but three; and he might have added, as further proof, that that concentration of wealth and power toward which he is charged with being heretical has gone on apace.

And because we all owe him a debt of gratitude for exposing the corruption that went on under the eyes of poor unseeing Mr. Harding; as the tail of the scapegoat disappears into the wilderness we must all pass a little inward resolution of thanks to Mr. La Follette and to his partner Mr. Wheeler; to them at least is due our present satisfaction with our institutions purged and made Fall-proof.

He governed a state long and well. People still live in it and grow rich. Corporations do not flee from it. He has served many years in the Senate and no extreme proposal has come in with his name on it. When the farmers had crops they could not sell last winter and the temptation was to buy their votes with an offer of all the credit of the United States he withheld his support from wild measures for their relief. Plainly he has a public conscience.

If to advocate government ownership of railroads proves a man a radical, which it hardly does in this day and generation, he has been slow in admitting that it might become a necessity. What then is it that makes him still the "enemy?"

Bryan was the "enemy," and today he is either a saint or a nuisance, depending on whether you have a Chautauqua Circuit intelligence or not. Bryan, perhaps, has been helped by dressing to look like a rural deacon, by coming out against the monkeys, and by convincing us on all occasions that there is, after all, nothing in his noodle. Roosevelt was a progressive, banged away at the Courts and what not, and Roosevelt stands beside Washington and Lincoln as one of the saviors of our country. But Roosevelt was a great vaudevillian. If we were sometimes breathless at the giant strides of "Progress" which we had to take in his administration, he paid us with a laugh for our pains. And after all we were heartier in those days. The war had not left us jumpy.

La Follette is a solid person. Years of public life have not revealed a head as empty as Bryan's nor as light as Brookhart's or Magnus Johnson's. We can forgive almost anything in a progressive but ability, always a dangerous thing anyway.

Mr. La Follette, moreover, as a public character is dour, stand-offish, lonely, impracticable; he does not belong; he is a heavy tragedian. In his youth he had the ambition to be an actor and the characters that he studied and has studied almost ever since were Iago and Hamlet, tragic parts, of men with lonely intellects variously at odds with the world.

Mr. La Follette has always been at odds with the world. I do not mean merely that his views have not been the accepted views. He does not act in the accepted manner. And action more than views determines one's relations with one's fellows. Mr. Roosevelt held unaccepted views but acted about them in a perfectly wordly manner. And the world took him to its bosom. Mr. Borah could have held all the views of Mr. La Follette and might still have been sought by Mr. Mellon as the running mate of Mr. Coolidge. In vain does Mr. Cooper explain that nine-tenths of all the independent candidate's measures have been adopted by this conservative nation. Mr. La Follette still remains Mr. La Follette.

I do not know how I can better illustrate that something in Mr. La Follette which makes the world shy away from him as it did not from Mr. Roosevelt and does not from Mr. Borah than by retailing an

incident described in his autobiography. Mr. La Follette describes it as the turning point in his career. It occurred in 1891 when the Democrats had elected a governor of Wisconsin. Up till that time state treasurers in Wisconsin had done as state treasurers everywhere had done; they had used the state's funds for their own profit. It was one of the perquisites so to do. According to the easy public morals of the time, there had to be something in it for those who took office.

The new Democratic administration began to sue all the ex-treasurers for 20 years back. The amount it sought to collect was about a million dollars. On the bonds of several of the treasurers was Senator Philetus Sawyer, the Republican boss of Wisconsin, a rough old pioneer who had made his millions and who took it for granted that the control of his state was properly useful to his pocket.

The Democratic suits looked to him like a vicious partisan move to reduce his bank account by \$300,000. What were there Republicans for except to repel such base partisanship?

Mr. La Follette's brother-in-law, Judge Robert Siebecker, was to have the treasury suits before him. Mr. La Follette himself was then a young congressman getting on reasonably well with the Sawyer

machine. At least Senator Sawyer expected him to behave like a good Republican in the face of this dastardly exhibition of virtue by the enemy, virtue as a sort of poison gas being barred by the then existing rules of political war. Accordingly Mr. La Follette received a letter from Senator Sawyer inviting him to come and see him. I quote from his "Autobiography":

"On the seventeenth of September I went to Milwaukee and met Sawyer at the Plankinton House. The State Fair was in progress at that time and the hotel crowded. Sawyer said that he had been unable to secure a room and requested me to go with him to the hotel parlours on the second floor. The parlours were large, and he led me away to a portion of the room remote from the entrance—where we sat down. After some preliminary conversation in which he said, 'I wanted to talk with you about Siebecker and the treasury matter,' he finally came directly to the point and said:

" 'These cases are awfully important to us, and we cannot afford to lose them. They cost me a lot of anxiety. I don't want to have to pay—' naming a large sum of money, whether 100,000 dollars or more I am not certain. 'Now I come down here to see you alone. No one knows that I am to meet

you here. I don't want to hire you as attorney in these cases, La Follette, and don't want you to go into court. But here is \$50, I will give you \$500 more or \$1,000—or \$500 more and \$1,000 (I was never able to recall the exact sums named), when Siebecker decides the cases right.'

"I said to him, 'Senator Sawyer, you can't know what you are saying to me. If you struck me in the face you could not insult me as you insult me now.'

"He said, 'Wait—Hold on!' I was then standing up. I said: 'No, you don't want to employ me as an attorney. You want to hire me to talk to the Judge about your case off the bench.' He said, 'I did not think you would take a retainer in the case. I did not think you would want to go into the case as an attorney. How much will you take as a retainer?'

"I answered, 'You haven't enough money to employ me as an attorney in your case after what you have said to me.'

"'Well, perhaps I don't understand court rules. Anyway, let me pay you for coming down here.'

"I said, 'Not a dollar, sir,' and immediately left the room.

"Nothing else ever came into my life that exerted



such a powerful influence upon me as that affair. It was the turning point, in a way, of my career."

Mr. La Follette told Judge Siebecker of the attempt to influence his decision. Judge Siebecker declined to sit in the cases. Gossip started in the press. Senator Sawyer, frightened, came out with his version of what had happened. Then Mr. La Follette made public the facts, and a bitter political fight between him and Senator Sawyer started.

A man just as honorable as Mr. La Follette might have gone through this experience and acted much more calmly about it. Mr. La Follette describes how he acted about it: "For an instant I was dazed and then the thing surged through me. I felt that I could not keep my hands off his throat—I stood over him, said the things to him that I have related and then left him, blindly. I know he followed me. I went rapidly downstairs and out of the hotel. The State Fair was on, and the hotel lobby was crowded with people. I saw nobody. I got out in the street and walked and walked."

The world being what it is, efforts to corrupt judges are common enough. We applaud the vehemence of Mr. La Follette's spurning of Senator Sawyer's money but after all it belongs in a story book. It is a shade too heroic.



And Mr. La Follette is a shade too heroic for us. I am trying to work out why, with all his fine qualities, his exceptional ability, his great industry, his spotless character, he has not somehow gone down better with us. He is too patently made of sterner stuff than the rest of us.

At a convention in which the Sawyer crowd had beaten him, with his disappointed supporters about him, he writes, "There came to me those lines of Henley's which had often inspired me and which I repeated to them:

"'Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods there be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud;  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody but unbowed.'"

I know of nothing more self revealing than the liking for these lines and the public display of it. Various motives might have existed for keeping it dark. The verses just miss being comic.

He has never recognized the validity of "The smile that wins." In one of his campaigns he was

speaking at a county fair. The representatives of the interests or whoever it was that was running the fair tried to take his crowd away from him by ringing the bells for a horse race. He drove his cart out on the race track and threatened to talk there all the afternoon if they did not abandon their tactics.

Over and over again you find incidents like that in his life. In the 1912 campaign, when at first it seemed likely that he and not Mr. Roosevelt would be the candidate of the Progressives against Mr. Taft, came the speech before the Publishers' Association dinner. The hour was late and the audience none too friendly. It was an occasion calling for tact and good nature. But Mr. La Follette started out on one of his long discursive speeches—he always did demand of his auditors an endurance that was heroic. In a little while there was a hubbub. Let him tell the story:—

“I was not at my best and did not at once get hold of my audience. It was, I do not doubt, my own fault, but I determined to make them hear me to the end.”

That “I determined to make them hear me to the end” is characteristic. He instantly bristles at hostility. He fights back with all his might. Now fight-

ing back implies a splendid sincerity. But the wisest only fight back as a last resort, when diplomacy has failed. Diplomacy has always seemed to Mr. La Follette something base, something akin to a surrender of principles. I do not think he has ever understood the human heart. He has always been an actor, with the foot-lights between him and his audience, never perfectly at one with his hearers. It took him years to live down the impression which his Publishers' Association speech left behind.

I come down to the war, to me the most splendid episode in Mr. La Follette's life. I have already alluded to the fact that the intolerance then let loose would have thrown him in jail if he had not been too big for its summary wrath. It spent itself on smaller fry. As a radical, Mr. La Follette was opposed to war, as a political thinker he saw that all the generous impulses of organized society would be set back many decades by the passions war would let loose. He voted against America's entrance into the war and never recanted and became a patrioteer as so many other radicals did. He was again Ajax defying the lightning. He was again "bloody but unbowed." The mob likes better the practicable fellows who are not "determined to make them hear them to the end," and by the mob I mean the con-

servative elements, who happily for them, from the war or elsewhere, have caught up the mob spirit with which Mr. Roosevelt played so brightly in the gay years before 1914.

The other day, the *American Legion Weekly* asked everybody of importance what good came out of the war. Was there ever before such a question asked so soon after a cataclysm which left a whole civilization staggering? It is characteristic of the philosophy of naïveté, which has been invented to please a newly arisen and little experienced class that has come up to rule our thinking, that we must know instantly the good that has come out of our latest perfect work. *Post hoc propter hoc*, and to-day is the finest fruit of the ages, are the two guiding principles of the naïve school of history; therefore if we live long enough we shall hear much of the great benefits to mankind that have come of the Great War. But the *American Legion Weekly* questionnaire elicited only a lot of head scratching and, on the whole, the information that it was too soon to tell what the blessings of the war had been. Mr. La Follette must have drawn a certain grim satisfaction—I am afraid he only has grim satisfactions—from reading the answers.

Now if you are always fighting back at the crowd

—and the boy who fights back is always the worst hazed—if you are always the hero of Henley's poem, preserving your unconquerable soul, you are inevitably driven in upon yourself. You become lonely. Your social resources are few. Your stand-offishness is increased. That was the fate of La Follette. I quote here and there from his "Autobiography." After the break with Senator Sawyer, "No one could have anticipated the violence with which the storm broke upon me. . . . I was shunned and avoided everywhere by men who feared or sought the favor of Senator Sawyer and his organization. . . . I recall the fearful depression of those months. . . . I spent much time alone." Again, 14 years later, when he became United States Senator; "I was again alone. When I entered the cloak-room men turned their backs upon me and conversation ceased. Members left their seats when I began to speak."

He was once more deserted and alone when he refused, in 1912, to support the Roosevelt candidacy for President. And the ostracism which came upon him as a result of his stand against the war surpassed all previous social punishments visited upon him for not going along with the majority. He became so inbred that the highest tribute he could pay to his friend Samuel A. Harper on his death is

"no other man has ever been so completely a part of my own life." He has no real contacts except with those who are "a part of himself."

I do not think this is egoism. In my occasional meetings with him I have been almost embarrassed by his obvious humility. He has, of course, his egoism, a sense of greatness through the causes with which he is identified. I think he differs from Wilson. I think he can forget himself in a cause. Wilson tended to lose sight of the cause in the sense of himself. Both equally, however, have invited the attention of the baiters of greatness.

All this is important as explaining the public state of mind toward Mr. La Follette. But it only half explains it. The rest of the explanation lies in ourselves. We fear change and we hate progressives. Only two progressives, both very mild, have ever become President, and both of them by accident, Mr. Roosevelt by the death of Mr. McKinley, and Mr. Wilson by the division in the Republican Party.

The argument for the existing system is that it works. It has been for all of us down in our hearts, conservatives and progressives alike, an unanswerable argument. To it the progressives have to reply that the little changes they propose won't make any difference. The greatest triumph of the

Labor government in England is that it has not made any difference. This achievement may in the near future make Labor a majority party in Great Britain.

We are all mechanists in our beliefs so far as economic society is concerned. Until there is a change in our way of thinking so that we shall cease to prefer a control that we believe to be automatic, but which is not, to one that is humanly directed, the road will be hard for the progressives.

Moreover, along with Mr. La Follette, emerges Labor into politics. And that is, to most of us, a disquieting phenomenon. We have grown accustomed to the Gompers' leadership. Next to the open shop we have long unconsciously regarded it as the best safeguard against the larger pretensions of the labor movement. But Mr. Gompers is passing.

When Samuel Gompers made a report to the Executive Council of his Federation of Labor in favor of indorsing La Follette and Wheeler he ceased to be the leading figure in the American labor movement, or rather by his own act he recognized that that leadership had passed from him to others. He was trailing after Johnston of the Machinists, Stone of the Engineers' Brotherhood, Hillman of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and several



others who were quicker than he had been to see how the bloc tendency in American politics suited the purposes of organized labor. It was they, not Gompers, who had made labor the factor it was in the congressional election of 1922. And they carried the bulk of organized labor along with them when the bloc put up its candidate for President this year. Gompers had little choice but to follow. The significance of it is that the American labor movement has entered upon a new phase and that Gompers' day is past. He is old, broken in health and his power will not long survive the passing of leadership into other hands.

Mr. Gompers' political policy was to keep labor free enough of both parties so that by wheedling and threatening he could get something at least out of the party that happened to be in power. It achieved its greatest success, aided by war conditions, under Wilson. And its downfall came under Harding when there were such powerful forces within the business world committed to a fight upon organized labor that the Administration had to stand neutral. The policy of wheedle and threaten went bankrupt, and Mr. Gompers was too old to give labor a new political policy. Others did it and the labor bloc came into action.

What Stone, Johnston and the others actually accomplished in 1922 has doubtless been exaggerated. But at least the defeat of Pomerene for Senator in Ohio, and of Beveridge for Senator in Indiana, can be set down to them. Politically they accomplished more in one year than Gompers had in his entire leadership. This year a bloc candidacy for the Presidency will exhibit the possibilities of their tactics. The exhibition, though victory is impossible, is likely to be impressive. Anyway, we enter upon a new phase, as important probably to the American labor movement as the organization of the British Labor Party was to the British labor movement; at any rate, it is the American equivalent to that step.

Gompers has had an extraordinary career. He has been the American labor movement for almost a generation. Of course, it is easy to exaggerate the significance of his oft-repeated election as president of the American Federation of Labor. Labor is humble and timid, and once you rise to leadership in it you are not easily overturned. A superstitious fear of Gompers existed. Still he was the ablest and most resourceful man who had come forward in organized labor. I have heard men say that when during the war he sat in the Council of National

Defense, made up of Cabinet officers and business men, he was easily the ablest of the lot. He was ruthless in the assertion of authority and in the organization he was without fear. Outside of it I think he was as full of fear as the humblest worker under him. A gnarled fighting face and a spotty head from which the hair had disappeared in patches, he was odd and striking. He spoke with a voice that stirred all the emotions. As a debater he would have handled roughly any man in the United States Senate. With enough mental disingenuousness he could always make the worse appear the better reason. Like men who are not intellectually straight he had little vision and no philosophy.

In my childhood I was often told of a man, who by bending his gun barrel, had stood in the hollow on one side of a hill, shot over the top of the hill and killed a deer in the hollow on the other side. That is what all men attempt to do who try to see far with crooked minds. Mr. Gompers was always on the defensive, perhaps without knowing it, concealing his defensive attitude behind a fury of language. And that was the story of labor under his leadership.

Mr. La Follette like Mr. Gompers, I think, has always been more on the defensive than he was

aware of being. There is a certain theatricality, as of the actor that he once wished to be, about the way he carried himself in the eyes of the world. But even among Progressives bringing him promises of support he has the wariness of a man who has been of the betrayed and pretty regularly hunted.

The face of an old Buddha and the squat figure of one, as he sits in his conspicuous Senate seat, he lacks only impassiveness to appear Oriental. The last quality that one would impute to him is impassiveness. There is an Occidental aggressive lift to the head. Most men at his age have bowed a little to time. He bows to nothing. To those who say that he had better spare himself in this campaign he replies, "I shall be campaigning ten years from now." You might as well tell him to be careful of his enemy, Wall Street, as to consider his other enemy, the flying years. There is an impossible story about his grandfather's riding horseback, a pioneer, a thousand miles across the prairies, when more than 100 years old. You always think of it as you think of the grandson starting out with a new party at nearly seventy.

There is amazing vitality in that thick trunk, that solid body—solid like Roosevelt's, only shorter. The seams in the face do not look as if they had come

from the drying up of vital forces, but as if they had been cut into something hard and firm, almost like granite, by experience and suffering. It is the face of a man who has felt too much. And that, I suppose, is the key to the opposition which his name arouses. He has been too serious. He has been too much in earnest in his anger and his zeal, too incorruptible—I don't mean in the financial sense—but too unyielding to the seductions of friendship, of party, of place and of power; a little inhuman in his uncompromisingness, in his stark resistance to the temptation to be a good fellow.

With his amazing vitality he ought to have found fun in living as Roosevelt did, and that would have softened the public impression of him, for vitality is the most engaging thing on earth. But he has always borne his burden of progressivism a little too consciously; he has always thrown his shoulders back a little too stiffly; he has never laughed gayly enough to be accepted at his own real worth. One never becomes President to whom you apply the word "too." "Too" makes one the hero of a minority and, perhaps, when history comes to do justice, an admirable figure.

The public impression of him has of late slightly softened. The closing hours of the debate on the

Denby ouster resolution brought La Follette his moment of triumph in the Senate. Practically every seat on the Democratic side of the Senate floor was occupied. On the Republican side all the newer Senators were in their seats, and this included the regulars as well as the progressives. Only the Old Guard members like Lodge and Smoot were absent. Not a vacant seat was to be seen in the press galleries and many correspondents were standing. This was a new experience for the Wisconsin Senator, for the Senate usually walked out when he spoke. And as he had ceased to be a good story long ago only the Press Association men usually sat through his speeches.

I watched him carefully. His face had lost some of its old color. His voice had not quite the angry power it used to have, but still it was a strong voice; perhaps a little pleasanter to listen to because somewhat mellowed. He read his speech, which was unusual, but I noticed that his hand was steady as he held the manuscript. Reading it, he was naturally not so dramatic as he used to be. It was the better for having been written; for under the excitement of speaking extemporaneously he tended to be diffuse and over-develop his points. He was more moderate than of old. Success and power, for he is

now the most powerful single factor in the Senate, and perhaps, too, advancing years, have mellowed him. The over-emphasis which has impaired his value in the past is gone. He acted like the leader of a party having a sense of his responsibilities. You got this impression of La Follette at the conference of the Progressives in Congress a year ago, where his influence was cast for a moderate program.

Now what is a progressive, this thing which Mr. La Follette asks us all to be? Mr. William Hard in the *Nation* once asked the question and threatened to answer it, though so far as I have observed he never did so specifically. His answer, however, is easy enough to guess: a progressive is an old-fashioned individualist. His progressive is what I call a regressive progressive. It is the commonest kind.

In the meantime the second Cleveland Convention furnished its answer to the question. And Senator La Follette furnished his answer to the question, in his own person and in his message to the progressives assembled at Cleveland. And still the issue remains dark.

In the first place let us dispose of one cynical and superficial definition of what a progressive is. I note it in the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, which says that a



progressive is one who "believes in the magic of laws." Now that sounds both smart and true, but it isn't. For if you stop to think, you will find that the conservative equally believes in "the magic of laws."

The progressive believes that if the laws are changed this world will move toward perfection. The conservative believes that if the laws are not changed this world will at least remain as nearly perfect as it is. If the conservative did not believe in the magic of laws he would let the progressive have all the laws he wanted.

Frau Schreiber, a woman member of the German Reichstag, speaking in Washington said something pertinent on the magic of laws. Some one asked her about property that was escaping from Germany into other and safer countries, such as the 100 per cent U. S. A. How much of it was there?

She replied: "All I can say is we've passed a law forbidding property to emigrate. We've tried to enforce the law. Perhaps I can best answer the question Yankee-fashion by asking another. You've passed a law forbidding liquor to come into your country. If you'll tell me how much whisky has come into your country since that Volstead act of yours was passed I'll tell you how much property

has left Germany since our prohibitory law was passed." And the magic of laws goes up in a burst of laughter.

Now for the question, "What is a progressive?" As I look about me I see many examples of what a progressive is, and I am not sure I see any of what a progressive ought to be. Now I think the fundamental difference between the progressive and the conservative ought to be the old difference between those who believe in free will and those who believe in predestination. The progressive ought to believe that society can exercise its own volition and monkey with the economic buzzsaw. The conservative ought to believe, and generally he does, that if society does monkey with the economic buzzsaw it will lose its fingers. One ought to believe that man is master of his own fate economically and the other in economic fatalism.

But as a matter of fact, the progressive believes in anything that suits his fancy. He is an individualist. He is a collectivist. Sometimes he is one at one moment and the other at another. The progressives are more or less free-willers, but not consistently, not passionately.

The reason why it is important to answer, What is a progressive? is that President Coolidge in his

message drew a line and said, "This is what a conservative is." Naturally, the converse of this definition must be provided. The progressives have always had something worth haggling for within the Republican Party. What have they now worth fighting for outside it?

In Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan," the Bastard of Orleans waits weeks for a west wind to bring up his ships for the attack on Orleans. Saint Joan of Arc performs a miracle that brings the west wind. The progressives have been waiting years for the west wind which would sweep from the Western prairies over the East, so long in the hated possession of what Bernard Shaw calls the "Goddams." They make feverish preparations when a little puff comes from the Southwest or the Northwest, but it dies out before their sails are filled.

They need a Saint Joan to perform a miracle for them. They need, terribly, to have God on their side—and even more like the French under the Bastard of Orleans, to believe God is on their side.

I want to mirror the soul of a Progressive. Perhaps I had better begin by mirroring his body first and his material surroundings. He is as round, healthy and happy-looking as William Allen White. He has reached that comfortable stage of existence,

middle age, when, if ever at all, one lives sweetly from day to day, in the present; the future oppresses youth and the past oppresses old age. A great many Middle Westerners look like pink, overfed angels. He does. Living in a rapidly growing small city of that region, the world has been rather good to him. Success has come easily to the present generation in communities out there.

I won't describe too closely the Progressive I am mirroring or locate him too exactly. To do so would be betraying a pleasant intimacy which I hope will continue. He lives in one of the states which Senator La Follette is sure of carrying. He is the greatest power in it among the Progressives. He has made and unmade Senators. He inherited this function from his father, who was also a Progressive. He was born to wealth, not too much, but enough, and he has increased the wealth which came to him. He has been a friend of La Follette all his days. All his other friends, those whom he meets in his club, are like himself; fellows who have grown well-to-do in his small city, far from the strains of the industrial East, where to stick your head above the level of the surrounding plain does not cost much effort; all of them equally corn-fed optimists; all of them Republicans and supporters of Mr.

Coolidge. They don't quarrel over his preference for La Follette any more than they would over his preference for a homeopathic physician to an allopathic physician. On the whole, I think they would get madder over the question where the new union station was to be located than they would over the question of belonging to a new party.

"Are you going to stay a Republican while you support La Follette and do you want to keep on being a Republican in 1928?" I asked this foe of predatory wealth. "Hell, yes!" he replied, "I'd like to see any one put me out of the Republican Party." Being put out of the Republican Party would be a catastrophe only equal to being put out of the local Chamber of Commerce and Country Club.

"Are you going to send back the same reactionary bunch to the lower house of Congress that you've had there for years representing this progressive State?" I asked. "Oh, yes," he replied, "There won't be any change. You see, we can't undertake too many fights at once."

"Well, I suppose with the Democrats making a mess of it as they have," I remarked, "Mr. Coolidge is sure to be re-elected." "Oh, I guess so," he replied. "Well, Cal's not a bad fellow. He's not a bad sort. I have to laugh at what they say about

his being silent Cal. Why he fairly chatted his head off when he sent for me to see him in the White House." He looked at me for a moment and bethought himself of his progressivism. "You see, I'm an optimist," he said.

If you draw a straight line between this chubby soul and the lean soul of Mr. Calvin Coolidge you have—what? Why, you have the world remodeled nearer to our hearts' desire; you have that nice division of the nation into conservatives and progressives, which the logical mind earnestly craves. But you have to draw the line so as to include my pink-faced friend who has grown fat upon the existing system. This is not a case of "Fifty four forty or fight." It is a case of drawing the line where you can, so as to have, when the Democratic party is eliminated, one half of our large population on each side of the boundary; you must have a moiety for your new party to win once in a while, say as often as the Democratic party has in the last 60 years.

We should all like to see some logical division of the electorate. But at the very moment when we are looking for logic and sense up starts the Ku Klux Klan cutting across the labor movement, cutting across the Democratic party, threatening to cut across Mr. La Follette's own party and dividing us

into masked and unmasked, or in some such silly fashion.

Besides, if you could get this Nation to lay aside its fiery crosses and to divide rationally, what is the utmost you could now expect? You would have a conservative population divided into nearly equal halves; on the left would stand the slightly more conservative and on the right the slightly less conservative. Even this would enable us to look at ourselves a little more as we really are and to use the words progressive and radical a little less brashly than we now do. But probably we prefer our fiery crosses, and there are many kinds of them, to sanity.

As I listened in Cleveland to the words "predatory interests" I felt that no new valuation of human relations was getting itself born and that fiery crosses would go on seeming important. An idea, that rarest of things, where was it?

Mr. William Hard—I come back to him because he writes persuasively about progressivism—professes to have found the idea; Mr. La Follette's cure for the ills of 1924, he says in effect, is the Sherman Act of 1890,—the Sherman Act, that blue law against wealth. The Sherman Act is an arrestive statute; it would if it could be enforced bring



us back to a certain golden age, to the "good old times; all times when old are good."

The political impulse to turn backward in search of happiness is the social equivalent of the individual impulse, which the Freudians have discovered, to regress, to seek escape from the world in a return to the shelter of childhood, its warmth and comfort and irresponsibility. It is a common impulse, as a dozen phrases, back to nature, back to the farm, the simple life, old-fashioned individualism, the good old times and the like, plentifully show. You can not draw your Fifty four forty line in politics without including endless regressive progressives.

But you can not point to its favorite blue law and dismiss progressivism with a word of scorn. Even when it looks back to a golden age it may do so only by the way of illustration and have in mind a greater golden age to come. Individualism, which I suppose means the fullest realization of the opportunity to live, is the dream of all of us but we are caught in an age which is hurrying forward no one knows whither. Some men are born into the world to go through life always with an inward sense of being in a hurry. Society is like that. It has an anxiety complex. The very title which our forward looking friends have chosen for their movement is

a denial of their aims. Only ages which are not possessed with the thought of Progress, which are content to stand still and enjoy, favor individualism.

When you see Mr. La Follette with his blue law in his hands you wonder whether he has a social philosophy, whether he is not an old man thinking in terms of his youth. Expediency of course compels him to wave his blue law before the country and I can not tell whether expediency alone causes him to do it. In addition to his blue law he offers two important measures, the government ownership of railways and a change in the Constitution which would enable Congress to repass a law over the Supreme Court's veto as it now may repass a law over the President's veto. Both may merely be intended to supplement the blue law, that is they may be merely regressively progressive. Both may be offered merely to aid in the return to the blessed nineties when a kindlier wind blew upon small men generally, the small merchant, the small farmer, the small manufacturer, and maybe upon labor, too, offering it better opportunities to arise into the employing class.

Or both may mean that Mr. La Follette and his supporters are ready to lay hands upon that au-

tomaton of our imagination, economic society, and attempt humanly to direct it. If they are first steps on this road then they are progressively progressive, nay even radical. In a political movement you have to make gestures backward when you mean to go forward and gestures forward when you mean to go backward, and I do not know which of Mr. La Follette's gestures to take seriously.

If Mr. La Follette like most of his followers is merely regressively progressive, then the capture of the railroads and setting up a new check and balance in our complex system of checks and balances, a check by Congress upon the Supreme Court's check upon Congress, are as important and dangerous as the other part of his program, the flourishing of Mr. Sherman's famous blue law. As a step against the concentration of wealth and power government ownership of railroads is locking the door after the horse is stolen. The concentration of wealth and power, for better or for worse, already is.

And if Congress may override the Supreme Court the Supreme Court will merely pass the buck to Congress, having eased its mind. And when will you find in Congress, unless a new attitude toward automatism exists, the will and the courage among two-thirds of its members,—I am assuming the

usual two-thirds requirement for reversing vetoes—to override the Supreme Court?

Mr. La Follette has among his oddly assorted followers both kinds of progressives, regressive progressives and progressive progressives. As for the latter, they are justified in following him. It is the only gamble in sight for them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>The platform that has been framed for Mr. La Follette's campaign is understood to express the personal opinions and convictions of the candidate more accurately than is often the case with party platforms; and I have therefore thought it desirable to print this platform in full in the Appendix.

## CANDIDATE DAWES



## CANDIDATE DAWES

Hell and Maria! We weren't trying to keep a set of books; we were trying to win the war.—From the Testimony of General Charles G. Dawes before a Congressional Investigating Committee.

A FEW months ago, General Charles G. Dawes blew in—I dislike this vulgarism, but the typical American obeying the best conventions of his kind always blows in—blew into the Ritz at Paris. After dining, he leaned back in his chair to discharge clouds of smoke from the most extraordinary pipe that Europe had ever seen. It was a vast engine for the consumption of tobacco with the stem coming out of the top instead of out of the bottom. And one does not puff at even the chastest of Dunhills in the Ritz dining-room. Paris took one look at the spectacle and knew that America had at last come back to Europe to make Germany pay up. General Dawes did not even have to say "Hell and Maria." All Europe saw the pipe and made peace.



It was a piece of inspired statesmanship, the only one I recall in the entire Administration, for President Harding to send General Dawes to Europe. France had found that it cost more to collect reparations with an army than the reparations were worth, and Germany had found that it cost more not to pay reparations than to pay them. For the first time since the Big Three negotiated the Unreasonable Peace, Europe was ready to listen to reason. Only it was unanimously agreed by the entire continent that it would not accept reason from any one else but the United States. Having contracted the habit of being saved by us, like a child that will not take its bottle from any one but its nurse, it would not receive salvation at any other than American hands.

Now how should the United States take a large package of reason, transport it from our shores, land it in Paris or London without—I say nothing about without decreasing the none too large visible supply of reason in the United States—without compromising ourselves with respect to Europe? The problem was the nicest one ever presented to a teetering Executive. Of course Mr. Hughes might have gone incognito, calling himself Colonel Sellers, but only autocrats ever went about incognito, call-

ing themselves Colonels and Captains, and autocracy with its many excellent devices has perished from the earth.

Of course, many lesser persons called unofficial observers had gone over, carrying with themselves bales of advice, a commodity in which at all times, in all seasons, and under the laws of all nations there is free trade, but Europe would have none of these. Like all self-respecting people, it did not care to be observed, and the fact that this was done unofficially did not mitigate the offence.

What was to be done? Some one must be sent who was not unofficial, for Europe would not stand that, and who was not official, for America would not stand that. An inspiration, as I have said before, came to Mr. Harding. I think it came to him on the Mayflower. Three times the world has been saved on this historic ship: the first time when England was saved from our New England ancestors, in gratitude for which annually in London a Pilgrims' Dinner is given; the second time when the Orient was saved from everything except the Japanese earthquake, because it was on board of her the idea of the Washington conference occurred to Mr. Harding; and the third time when the Dawes inspiration occurred to him on board of her again,

standing just ten feet forward of the poop. The spot should be marked as historic.

Mr. Harding knew instantly that the moment General Dawes set his foot in Paris every Frenchman would take one look at him and exclaim, "La-Fayette and Maria! They are here." You could hang a large label "Unofficial" on the General as he left our shores and that would ease the mind of the United States. And France would not be deceived by the label. She would know that America was present in person. It was a perfect poem of an idea of diplomacy. Mr. Harding conceived it with his mind's eye in fine phrensy rolling.

The trouble with most Americans in Europe, especially when they go there unofficially, is that they assimilate themselves to their background and by a sort of protective coloration become mistakable for Englishmen, Frenchmen, and, before the war, for Germans; of course since the war it has never been possible to confuse any American with a German. The only American I ever saw in Europe who was unmistakably an American was President Wilson; he knew so little about Europe. All other Americans know all about Europe. No doubt the reason our unofficial observers failed was that they knew all about it and could give such excellent advice.

I was not in Europe with General Dawes, but I have no doubt that he quite frankly acknowledged that he didn't know a thing about it. And the others who gathered to settle the problems exclaimed, "Why, he's as wise as we are! We can do business with him." But what really carried conviction was the fact that he was not one of the anæmic pussy-footers we had been regularly sending to Europe, but the American, America itself. He needed no authentication but his voice, his pipe and his manner. It was as effective as a certificate from Congress and cost the Administration vastly less perturbation.

He was in himself the perfect evidence that America was in earnest at last. Was he not the American, America personified, a *richichisme*, (I like that word, it's so much better than our own millionaire)—the colossus of dollars come among them for their own good?

And how perfectly it worked out. Mr. Owen D. Young, a Democrat, made the plan. General Dawes made the noise. Now I am not at all sure that the noise was not more important than the plan, for the noise succeeded, and the plan will probably fail, after a while; this is no secret, everybody connected with it expects it to have only a "good psychological

effect." And, continuing our analysis of this supreme achievement, Mr. Hughes arrived on the scene in London in time to get all the credit. He was the unofficial deserver.

Now as regards trammels, General Dawes solves these in the best American manner. He subjects himself to them and seems not to. He obeys all the conventions with such dash and abandon that he seems a blithe, free spirit, and so he is the darling of the herd—if not of the whole herd at least of that controlling portion of the herd which was represented at Cleveland. The Cleveland Convention was made of the tame and the repressed, and the choice of Dawes was their little gesture of freedom, their "Hell and Maria!", to a country that was prepared to be a little taken aback by their conservatism.

If you are inclined to view General Dawes with a little dismay, as his running mate certainly was when the agitated long distance telephone conveyed the news to the White House, just consider his real performances and forget the picturesque vocabulary, the odd collars, the strange pipes, the superficial don't-give-a-whoopness, the exaggeration of manner, the incoherence. He is a regular banker. Is there anything more regular than a regular banker?

Is there anything which it "doesn't look nice" for a minister to do or a school teacher which a banker may? Doesn't he have to be a model of all the proprieties? He isn't an individual; he's a symbol of the community's prudence, caution and respectability. His greatest virtue is that he doesn't take chances. He is an old maid of a man who looks after other people's money the way an old maid looks after other people's children. And Dawes is a successful banker, who built up a great Chicago bank out of nothing and who has the blue ribbon of propriety, a connection with Morgan and Wall Street.

He is a regular Republican, and who with the slightest touch of individualism is a regular party man in these days when only once in four years does anyone recognize that the discipline of party exists?

He was regular on the war. He was regular on Bolshevism. He was regular on the open shop. He goes along with every idea that is popular generally or accepted by his own class. He is a regular candidate for Vice-President, subsiding promptly on nomination into cautious speech and a pruned vocabulary. He has the regular philanthropies, a college to support where the students are taught to think regularly and a home for the down and out, for whom he has deep sympathy, as he has a gener-

ous heart, is the kindest of friends, and the most loyal and devoted of brothers.

There are just two peculiarities about Dawes that distinguish him from the whole regimented world of business and of politics. He is a conformist with such zest that he seems to be following his own sweet will. He holds all the accepted ideas with such passion that they seem to be original with him. Where conventionality is with others a species of timidity, with him it looks like daring. He is a sort of super-regular.

And secondly, he is restless, as so many successful Americans are. He is always seeking to do something else. Success in banking, the accumulation of a great fortune, leave him unsatisfied. He has the feverish versatility of Kaiser Wilhelm II. He writes music, he fiddles, he makes speeches with much shaking of his fists, he buckles on his armor and goes to war as if at last this was life, he organizes furious movements, and, above all, politics lures him. He dreams of being the hero of shouting multitudes, while he is the hero of hard-boiled business men and their agents in national conventions. He is always seeking an escape from something, from unsatisfied Dawes within Dawes the bank president, an emotional release in music, in sol-



diering, in philanthropy, a fuller self-expression in public activities, in the romance of politics. In the conformist Dawes there is bottled up an individualist. In the banker Dawes there is bottled up an artist. In the pragmatic Dawes there is bottled up a romantic. Even the Vice-Presidency seems a release, an escape, a greater fulfillment. Now weren't the Europeans right? Isn't that a rather pleasant caricature of all of us? And we are best apprehended by foreigners in caricature just as we best apprehend all foreigners under exaggeration. What they thought they saw in Dawes was the freedom, the spontaneity, the touch of the frontier which they imagine in all of the unspoiled creatures of a new and boundless world. Just so we imagine in the differences we note abroad, a freedom, and individuality that somehow we have lost in the greater uniformity of life here.

And even among us Dawes does catch the eye. He has enemies, and that is something in his favor as a person. His nomination came as a shock, and not only to the White House. I imagine the hard-boiled Republican delegates to have exulted a little as they made it. He was not one of the Arrow Collar Kids of politics they usually put up for the Vice-Presidency. But it was nevertheless a sort of

joke upon them. The Dawes they nominated was Dawes the big business man, the swashbuckling conservative. But the Dawes who accepted was the Dawes who fiddles and makes war, the versatile Kaiser Wilhelm Dawes, Dawes the romantic, Dawes the artist. It was perpetrated as a better joke upon Mr. William A. Butler, who wanted to put a little molasses on the ticket to catch the fluttering progressives, and upon Mr. Coolidge, who knew from personal experience what a good little Vice-President should be. But the real joke is on the Dawes who seeks emotional release, fuller self-expression—in the Vice-Presidency! He is already being taught that Vice-Presidents should be seen and not heard.

The first time the name of Dawes, now known on two continents, occurs it is in politics. So the Vice-Presidential nomination is the accomplishment of a youthful ambition. He turned his back upon the paternal lumber-yard and upon the law, which he had studied, to attach himself to the Mark Hanna machine when, as again this year, the business forces of the East had to repel the agrarian forces of the West, then led by Bryan in the free silver campaign of 1896. By his personality, his capacity for making friends, his habit of never doing things by halves, he made himself useful to Hanna and Mc-

Kinley, and he found himself, while still a youth, made Comptroller of the Currency as a reward of his diligence.

Some light upon his character is shed by stories of those early days. Mrs. McKinley, the wife of the President, was an invalid. The young Comptroller used to go almost daily to the White House to help her pass her dreary hours of inactivity by playing upon the piano for her entertainment. He was a skilled performer, and is still, upon this instrument as well as upon the violin, a musician of unusual talent by all accounts; you may find records of his original compositions among the canned music that is sold in the shops. There entered into this daily performance a passion for music and perhaps, I do not know, appreciation of a fine instrument; but it is unusual for a young man to devote much time to providing pleasure to a sick elderly woman. But everything points to an unusually warm heart in Dawes. His friendships are lasting attachments. He has enthusiasm for those whom he knows and likes. Here as elsewhere he does nothing by halves. His feeling for his own family is remarkable for its strength and persistence. Most men active in affairs have not the energy to maintain through life the relations of boyhood, but the four Dawes

brothers are as close together today as they were in their father's home in Lincoln, Nebraska.

At this same period, Dawes began to show that his mind was turning toward business. Newspaper-men who knew him when he was Comptroller tell me that he was in the habit of talking to them about investments, advising them to put their money into some public utility stock in the Middle West in which his political or business friends were interested. It was in such stock that the Dawes family subsequently made their fortunes.

Wherever Dawes goes there are tips. He is like Harry Sinclair in this respect, as he is in others, in his enthusiasm, his optimism, his sentimentality, the energy of his personality. Perhaps these tips spring spontaneously from the excitement caused by the visible presence of riches and the human belief that the crumbs from Dives' table are pure gold. At any rate when the General was budget making in Washington the Dawes family oil stock, Pure Oil, was the favorite of the "Ohio gang." The story trembled on the tongues of witnesses before Senator Walsh in the oil inquiry. Stock brokers under subpœna waited in the committee room wondering if they should be asked about Pure Oil. The story, if it had been told, would have added to

the flood of scandal, and to no useful purpose. And it is only just to say that it in no way reflected upon General Dawes.

At this early period, Dawes exhibited all the traits which have become familiar since, his divided interest between business and politics, his restlessness, his emotionalism, his warm-heartedness, his impulse toward art, his love of music.

I have said that he had an artist bottled up in him, as a way of explaining his instability, his emotional outbursts, his seeking constantly for some other satisfaction than that afforded by a great business success. If one may believe his friends, his virtuosity in music exceeds that of the mechanically well-trained player of the violin and piano. By the time he was Comptroller of the Currency, however, he had put by him whatever inclination there was for a career so unconventional for the son of a well-to-do lumber dealer in a small town as that of a musician. He was divided between business and politics.

Even after he left the Comptrollership he still inclined to politics. He made one or two attempts at elective office, as a mildly radical anti-machine candidate, I believe. It seems hardly fair to uncover this dark spot in the history of one who seemed

to the delegates at Cleveland to express so perfectly their hundred percent satisfaction with the purging of their party, but it all happened long ago and who has not been a progressive? Even Mr. Coolidge once——

Music would not do. And politics is not much more respectable than art. No really hundred percent American would go into politics without first making his pile. So there was banking. With nothing but friends and some knowledge of public utility stocks, Dawes started his bank, a tiny bank that grew into one of the great banks of Chicago.

In this period of his life there is only one story that is worth telling and that is the tale of how in 1912 he helped his friend Mr. William Lorimer to start the LaSalle Street Trust and Savings Bank. Mr. Lorimer was the Republican boss of Illinois. At one time he was a United States Senator but he was fired from the Senate for obtaining his seat in it through corruption. Mr. Lorimer, like most bosses, was evidently a man of much charm. I have heard men speak of him with tears in their voices, and they were not depositors or stockholders in the bank General Dawes helped him to start. Mr. Lorimer was the kind of man of whom men say, "If he is for you he is for you." General Dawes

is that kind of man too. Moreover General Dawes, even in the busy days of building up a great bank, had not put politics so far behind him that he did not know the Republican boss of his state.

Well, Mr. Lorimer had a bank of his own, the LaSalle Street National Bank. It was going badly. The Comptroller of the Currency was highly critical of it. Other banks declined to clear its checks for it. So Mr. Lorimer decided that it would be better to have a bank organized under the laws of the state of which he was sole master than one organized under the laws of the United States the control of which was widely scattered.

Accordingly, in October, 1912, he organized the LaSalle Street Trust and Savings Bank with a capital and surplus of \$1,250,000. Under the law, an auditor of the State of Illinois had to see this \$1,250,000, fumble it in his hands, bite some of the coins, ring some of them on the counter to make sure that it was real. Mr. Lorimer had had trouble to keep his National Bank open at all, and the mere taking out of a state charter did not produce the actual money.

This is what Mr. Lorimer did, according to the Supreme Court of Illinois. It was on October 21, 1912:



"William Lorimer, president of the National Bank, on this day called upon Charles G. Dawes, president of the Central Trust Company, and told him that he would want an amount of money equal to the capital and surplus of the new bank to be counted by the agent of the auditor in compliance with the requirement of the law, and that the bank did not have that much currency."

An agreement was reached between Dawes and Lorimer under which the auditor of the state should come around to the Dawes bank and try his teeth on the money in the vaults there. The representative of the state called on the Dawes bank with Mr. Lorimer. Mr. Lorimer presented a check for \$1,250,000, drawn upon an imaginary deposit. The cashier of the Dawes bank pushed \$1,250,000 out through his window. The representative of the state counted it, held up the bills to the light and saw the silk threads in them, assured himself that it was all real, and gave Mr. Lorimer the certificate which entitled him to hop his bank out of the jurisdiction of the United States into that of the state of which he was boss. Mr. Lorimer thereupon pushed the \$1,250,000 back to the cashier of the Dawes bank. The cashier of the Dawes bank at once handed Mr. Lorimer back his check and Mr. Lorimer went forth to start his new bank.

In less than two years, that is on June 12, 1914, this new bank of Mr. Lorimer closed its doors, having assets \$2,000,000 smaller than its liabilities. Creditors took to suing the Dawes bank and kept at it until about the time its head was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, when in a final opinion of the court they were awarded \$110,457.51 plus interest and costs. At one time they had a verdict in their favor of \$978,029.11, but it was whittled down. It is from the opinion of the court that I extract the story just told.

As to responsibility for the transaction, the Dawes bank, the Central Trust Company, certainly with the approval of the president, pled, to escape liability when sued :

“That the entire transaction in question was done and carried out by William R. Dawes, the cashier of the Trust Company under the authority of Charles G. Dawes, its president, and without the knowledge or authority of the Board of Directors or Executive Committee.”

“Of course,” remarks the court looking at the transaction in its unworldly way, “the auditors’ agent was not brought there to satisfy himself that there was that much money in some bank.” Of

course not. Why are our courts so naïve? It was not a naïve transaction.

Mr. Lorimer was not starting a bank from the flag. He had a bank and it had assets. He was trying to make those assets available to meet the requirements of the state law that there must be coin on which it can try its teeth. It could not bite Mr. Lorimer's assets. Mr. Dawes had gold so good that it could break its teeth on it. Why not accommodate the state with Mr. Dawes's gold?

Now if Mr. Lorimer had been starting a bank instead of effecting a hop, skip and jump of an already existing bank into a kindlier jurisdiction, and if he had come to Mr. Dawes and said, "Charley, I want to start a bank and I haven't a cent. Will you let me show the state auditor \$1,250,000 of your money and pretend that it is mine?" I have no doubt that great as Mr. Lorimer was and able as he was to make Mr. Dawes Governor or Senator from Illinois, Mr. Dawes would have kicked him out of his office.

But Mr. Lorimer did not do that. He said, "Charley, I have assets to more than \$1,250,000 but they can not be converted into cash. I have to show cash. Will you lend me the cash for two minutes until the auditor busts his teeth on it?"

To look at it a little more kindly than the court did, what Mr. Dawes did was to facilitate the change of his friend's national bank over to a state bank by lending cash to satisfy a technical requirement of the law. Assets were instantly thereafter substituted for the cash. Unfortunately there were not enough of the assets. But that was an error of judgement and not of morals.

So far as the morals of the transaction are concerned, though I am far from commending them, the story is not worth telling since it shows so little. But it does show Dawes, his 100 percent nature, how "when he is for you he is for you," his ruthless way with red tape. Hell and Maria! What was he doing but helping a friend get a state charter for his bank!

I have discussed this incident at length to present it in its right colors before the public. All the published accounts of it I have seen have left the impression that Mr. Dawes helped Mr. Lorimer to start a bank without anything in its vaults, by pretending that some money in his own bank belonged to Mr. Lorimer's bank. All he did was to let his one hundred percent enthusiasm for Mr. Lorimer's personality spread into a one hundred percent enthusiasm for Mr. Lorimer's assets, which was of

course unfortunate for Mr. Lorimer's depositors, and for Mr. Lorimer's ability as a banker, which proved, in the end, to be even more unfortunate.

If Mr. Dawes had always been a man of one hundred percent enthusiasm, he became when we entered the war a man of one thousand percent enthusiasm. There was then born the super-Dawes.

I have spoken of his restlessness, his unconscious dissatisfaction with his unusually fruitful life. The urge in him to do something else. To be a bigger, better, busier Dawes. To him as to many others the war meant a loosing of ties, a freeing of energies. He wanted to fight. He wanted, not a nice post in the rear, but one in the front line trenches. He wanted to hear shells bursting around him. He wanted to drive Germans at the point of the bayonet. He wanted, I have no doubt, to "make the world safe for democracy," for a nature so emotional as his is one hundred percent in the mood of the hour. He would

"Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best."

But a wiser disposition of his ability was made when General Pershing appointed him Chief of Supply Procurement in the American Expeditionary

Forces, and set him to buying horses, mules, saddles, horsefeed, rubber tires, traveling kitchens, blankets and a thousand other things that an army in action requires suddenly, buying them in a hurry, buying them with fury. He impressed foreign governments then as he impressed them later when he came to bid them make peace. He was big enough to brush aside all American timidity and red tape. He crashed through. He summed it all up in the phrase which I have quoted at the beginning of this article, used when he was testifying before a Congressional Committee indulging in after-thoughts about war expenditures. "Hell and Maria! we weren't trying to keep a set of books; we were trying to win the war." He saw then what everybody had been thinking and said it as no one else would have said it. He closed an epoch with a phrase. It was the super-Dawes.

He caught the after-war mood as well as he did the war mood. When firing ceased, we knew we were going to keep the world safe for something, but we differed as to what it was. Innumerable organizations for "defense" sprang up. General Dawes had one of his own, "The Minute Men of the Constitution," to keep the courts safe from "assaults," an open shop defense against the closed

shop defense of Labor. And when the time comes to organize something to defend us against our defenders, to make the world safe from "defense," I look to Dawes to do it; he will know as soon as anyone when too much is enough, for his heart is in the right place. Still he is the Roosevelt of the conservatives. His nomination at Cleveland was an inspiration as I have said his sending to Europe by President Harding was an inspiration. He rounds out the ticket. He sums up a moment in history. He is a great temperament tied to business and a great business man tied to temperament.

Perhaps I cannot present a picture of him in action better than in the language of the head of a bureau of the State Department. General Dawes had been asked by President Harding to put over the budget system. Now, many could have formed a budget system, but it took a man like General Dawes to put one over, a man whose every gesture is vital, who is publicity itself.

General Dawes would deliver lectures to the government departments on saving money. I quote from my State Department informant: "He would gather us all together with a few Cabinet members on the platform. He would talk about the waste of stationery and lead pencils. Suddenly he would



rush to one end of the platform, shake his fist in the face of Secretary Hughes, and exclaim, 'You must economize, Mr. Secretary!' Then he would dart to the other end of the platform, shake his fist under the nose of Postmaster General Will H. Hayes, and exclaim, 'And you must economize, Mr. Postmaster General!' Then he would leap into the air and shout, 'We must all economize!' " He had to reach somehow those bureau chiefs who are the inert mass in our government. If anything could stir them it was his shouting at Cabinet officers. Almost no one else could have taken the budget system in this "Hell and Maria" spirit.

Well, there he is, a man who has done more and felt more than most men have, a cautious banker and a mad enthusiast, an artist, the best of friends, a hard-boiled business man exploding with emotion, thinking straight in figures, but illogical and picturesque in speech, a conservative who catches the popular mood as quickly as did Roosevelt. A colorful person, one writes of him *con amore*.

I don't think you can put him into any nice little category as the delegates to the Republican National Convention thought they had. He escapes, as he escapes from business into music, into war, into politics. Except in banking, he is more heart than

mind. If he became President—it is the fashion in these uncertain times to discuss everyone as a possible President—he would enter a field of more elemental emotions than play about a bankers' convention. Anything might happen. I think he would turn out a one hundred percent President of all the people.

## CANDIDATE BRYAN



## CANDIDATE BRYAN

LIVES of great men are terribly hard upon sons, daughters, brothers, wives and sisters of great men. I know the homes of two Senators here, who do not strikes me as especially great, where all the family are arms, legs, back and seat of a sort of easy chair in which the great man reposes after his exhausting day in the Senate. They are the cushions on which he settles down of an evening. Even mere passivity would not be so bad. They actively minister to his greatness. They flatter him by their silence when his mood demands silence, by echoing him when he needs an echo, by thinking only the thoughts he thinks, by their admiration, their wonder, by their living only for him.

All this is by the way of leading up to Charles W. Bryan, now candidate for Vice-President, an extraordinary candidate for Vice-President, for he figures in the betting as a possible President. I make a sweeping bow to Brother Charles. How did

he do it? How did he grow into such a sturdy tree in the shadow of that great oak, William Jennings? Younger brother to greatness, private secretary to a three times candidate for President, business manager of the one-man Bryan newspaper, the *Commoner*, booker of the Prince of Peace lectures, caller of the taxicabs to the Lincoln home, checker of the sacred suitcase on all trains, getting all his opinions on monkeys, liquor and monogamy handed down to him from on high—how could he emerge himself as a personality, the best gasoline-buying, coal-selling Governor Nebraska ever had? How could he? The shock of the Vice-Presidential nomination must have been great to William J. By this act the Democracy voted to William J. the rank of emeritus. If there were a Carnegie pension for retired candidates for President he would get one.

The odds quoted in Wall Street against Brother Charles's being President are long. Perhaps before the campaign is over they will be shorter than those quoted against John W. Davis. If he ever is in the White House a scene of the last hours of the New York convention will be repeated. It was in the last hours of the next to the last session, early in the morning. William J. sought once more to address the delegates. Chairman Walsh said, "I

recognize the delegate——.” William J. started for the platform. “Boo! Hiss!” went up from all over the hall. Rap! Rap! went the gavel. “I recognize the delegate——,” began once more Mr. Walsh. “Boo! Hiss!” again from the floor, louder than before. Rap! Rap! from the gavel. “The delegate has a right to be heard,” from Senator Walsh. “Boo-o-o-o!” from the floor. And William J. sat down in silence for the first time in his life.

If Charles W. is President, William will emerge from the wings of the White House feeling that it is inevitable that he should take the floor. I almost hope that Brother Charles will be elected, the choice of the Senate after no majority is achieved in the electoral college, in order to hear the “Boo!” that will come from the nation.

And if Mr. Bryan should become President through the failure of Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Davis or Mr. La Follette to be chosen by the electoral college and later by the House of Representatives, William Jennings Bryan could not keep himself off the stage in Washington. The two have always been inseparable politically. William J. has always made the balls and Charles W. has always thrown them. The Vice-Presidential candidate is the typical younger brother who has not made his own way



in the world but has gone ahead by making himself useful to the older brother. He has been the greater Bryan's detail man. He has the capacity to get things done. He does not stop to think; the thinking has been done elsewhere.

As he sits and talks to you his hands move ceaselessly. They demand to be occupied. They have always been occupied. William J. always found some work for Charley's hands to do. Charley is the manual type of statesman. He is the executive who does everything himself. His great powerful body, bigger than William J.'s, demands to be employed. The mind is not in the habit of subjecting its movements to its own pleasure. He can no more sit and think than a day laborer can sit and think. He must be up and doing. In the house when he is talking to you, he claps his hat on his head and removes it a hundred times. But do not fear that the impulse to activity will cause him to terminate the conversation. His tongue is as active as his hands and quarrels with his hands for precedence. The gesture with his hat is merely the manual side of him reminding his subconscious of its rights. His tongue is the Bryan tongue, tireless, incessant, but without eloquence, charm, interest. It is a detail tongue. It clatters endlessly of small things

important only to the speaker. It talks and talks and talks. You feel almost that its movements are as involuntary as the movements of the powerful, restless hands. As you listen to it, you close first your mind, then your inner ear, and finally only your tympanum is assailed as you watch fascinatedly the clapping on the head of the big black hat and wonder if this at last is the time it stays on. But you do not escape. He is ruthless, inexorable, inhuman. That great physical mechanism that William J. Bryan set in motion must be always doing, doing, doing, or at least talking, talking, talking, about the things it has done. He follows you to the door talking. He detains you at the door, talking, his dexterous subconscious making more and more instant demands upon him for another activity. I suppose that the contest between the two members was not so fierce when William J. still made his home in Nebraska. The two Bryan tongues could never have kept going at once. The tongue of Charles W. is making up for years of repression. The ego of Charles W. has at last a clear field. The whole wide prairies of Nebraska are an open space. There is room at last.

In his youth, Charles W. kept a cigar store. He would be a wonderful shopkeeper in a small town.

He would have an eye for every detail of the stock. He would be tireless in leaping to the service of every customer. He would keep open longer and work harder than every other shopkeeper in town. He would be a ruthless competitor. He would watch every penny taken in and going out. No detail would be too small for him. He would regale customers with endless stories of the sharp bargains he had driven with the smart salesmen from the city. He would have a rural self-sufficiency. He would be the pride of his town and inflate slightly with the respect in which he was held. He would become a mechanism for the purchase and disposition of goods, and ultimately he would come to feel that he had a rare mind. He would acquire a modest competence and that would be the Q.E.D. of his life.

He runs the State of Nebraska as if it were a small town shop and he were the shopkeeper. And I am bound to say that he has run it well. Before that he ran the commission-governed town of Lincoln. He would doubtless make a good city manager. There I should say he would be at his best. He has an enormous capacity for small things. He does not sit and dream: he acts. He does not see things as a whole: he sees details. William J.

fitted him out completely with ideas years ago, started the mechanism going, as I have said, and it runs on with as near perpetual motion as is ever achieved by flesh and blood.

He sees the details of this shop of Nebraska. Here's a man on the state payroll using a state automobile every Sunday to go and see his girl one hundred miles away. He sees him and stops him, just as if he had kept on store-keeping he would see and stop his delivery man wasting time making love to servant girls. He is a sort of manual standard. His perpetual motion hands tell him how much work other hands should accomplish. He cuts the state employees from 800 to 350. He reduces the state budget. He brings down taxes. He tells all about it. No detail of his achievements is too small for him to spend thousands of words on it. The state's ears are afflicted, but its pocket book is spared, and it cares more for its pocket book than for its ears.

This is a side of him that he does not owe to William J. He was a born shopkeeper. He practiced the art by being William J.'s steward, the caretaker of his rising fortune. He was also William J.'s political handy man, and the circulation manager of William J.'s weekly newspaper and personal

organ, the *Commoner*. He knows all the arts of small politics. He has all the catchpenny devices for getting votes.

Above all, he does things. William J. only talked them. When he was city commissioner of Lincoln, he forced down the price of gas and electricity by threatening to establish a municipal lighting plant. "Lincoln," he says, "was the experiment in which I demonstrated that the government could protect the people from robbery if it chose to do so." It was the experiment station in which he demonstrated the effectiveness of William J.'s ideas in combination with his own restless capacity to do things, with those ever-moving hands, that slapping hat.

In similar ways as Governor, he forced down the price of ice, coal and gasoline. There was nothing new about the plan. Beecher Howell, now Senator from Nebraska, had done the same things earlier in Omaha. He was lucky about it. He wrote his threatening demand to gasoline producers at the moment when there was an over-production of gasoline and the price was about to fall all over the country. It fell in Nebraska the next day. But one is always lucky who has faith. And Charles W. has the faith that moves public service corporations.

He believes in William J. as William J. believes in Genesis. All the rest of it is manual confidence. If necessary he would produce men not descended from monkeys to prove that William J. was right.

In Nebraska they call him the Rain-maker, for whatever happens he did it.

Knowing where William J. ends and Charles W. begins, he always gives due credit. It is, "W. J. and I helped put through the prohibition amendment." It is "W. J. and I helped put through the direct election of senators." It is "W. J. and I helped put through woman suffrage." It is "I saved the people's taxes." It is "I cut down the people's coal bills." It is "I brought the price of gasoline down to sixteen cents," and so forth and so forth, for I must save space.

You cannot understand him by himself. You must regard also the inseparable part of him, William J. What is the mystery of this man who is still after nearly twenty years of constant defeat so much of a power that his commonplace brother has to be placed upon the Democratic ticket?

"He talks to your gizzard," said Roy Roberts, of the *Kansas City Star*, when William J. finished his fifteen-minute plea for the erring brothers of the Ku Klux Klan. Perhaps that is it. Perhaps that

voice of his sets up vibrations in some nerve plexus that is not the heart, for William J. has not much heart, and that is not the brain, for William J., while extremely intelligent, is one of the least intellectual of men. The long, thin, lipless mouth when shut repels you. It was not made for laughter. It is ungenerous. Those eyes never shed tears. The mind is familiar to every one. It is of the "sun do move" order.

What is the mystery of his power? He talks to your gizzard, to some hidden storehouse of obstinate prejudices and unfashionable beliefs. He is the man who was. He is the dead past that refuses to bury its dead and pretends to be the future. He is narrow, rural, half-buried America speaking to the narrow, rural, half-buried America that is in all of us, in our gizzards. He is the hick, great and unashamed. The Ku Klux Klan is the hick ashamed, driven to wearing masks and mysterious robes. W. J. differs from the Klan only in the matter of masks and nighties.

He has an infantile view of the world. He was born with what the psycho-analysts call the Paradise complex. He believes in the magic word. A magic word would maintain the value of gold and silver in a constant ratio. A magic word would keep men



from coveting their neighbors' wives. Men were for him a little lower than the angels. A magic word would withhold them from believing the strange doctrine that they were second cousins of monkeys.

Withal he is a hypocrite and a time server, for if monkeys had votes, William J. would come out for evolution.

His brother, Charles W. is small, narrow, rural, intolerant, with his whole mental horizon bounded by another man, who is equally narrow, rural, and intolerant. It is the most fatal of boundaries. He has the myopia of details. All that may be said for him is that he is tireless, industrious, efficient, a good governmental shopkeeper. Alone he is a bore. Alone Wililam J. is an intolerable bore. But if you take Charles W. you get both of them.



## CANDIDATE WHEELER



## CANDIDATE WHEELER

To understand Senator Burton K. Wheeler you have to look at his background. This is true of all the candidates. A picture of Mr. Coolidge, sugar bucket in hand on the poor acres of his father, tells more about him than all the words I have written. He never wandered far from home and always goes back there. Clarksburg with its squirearchy, social Washington, the Court of St. James, the Wall Street law office—a shifting background, but with a certain continuity in it—explain Mr. Davis.

The background of Mr. Wheeler is more important to understand. It is less familiar, less credible, more elemental, more romantic. For Montana was the Spanish Main of American industrial history. There men became as nearly savage as they do upon the high seas. Human beings were blasted out of the way as quickly as rocks to clear the road to wealth. Government was a commodity to be sold and bought, and there were many buyers and many sellers.

Into this land when the first mad lust for copper had been slaked, or rather when all copper had passed into the hands of the most powerful or the most unscrupulous, and when there were finally people who neither expected to be copper millionaires nor to have seats for sale on the bench or in the legislature, came Mr. Wheeler, a sort of vigilante, regulator, law and order man. Now a vigilante is a rough fellow. He does not waste much time in making up his mind. He has nerve. He has decision. It is usually a case of his life or the other man's, and if he is going to vigilante very long it must always be the other man's. He does "substantial justice," though critics find him deficient in accuracy; for of the three qualities Mr. Pulitzer used to insist upon, "accuracy, terseness, accuracy," the vigilante has only the second one.

Into this Spanish Main of a Montana, before Wheeler's day, came pirates, Heintze and a hundred others. I do not pretend to say who were the rightful owners of the golden galleons nor who were the pirates. Let any one who wishes to write the history of human greed settle such insoluble and unimportant questions. One way to dispose alike of pirates and of rightful owners, usable by both, was to take the law into your own hands. But the

gentlemen of Montana were careful constitutionalists. They said, "Why take the law into your own hands like vulgar lynchers? Why not have it always in your own hands." So they bought legislatures and courts. And they bought them away from each other. And bought them back again. So that legislatures and courts in Montana changed hands as often as a share of stock does in an excitable bull market. And they had to buy legislatures and courts not only to keep somebody else from wresting their copper veins away from them, but also so that they could make their own laws with regard to labor and enforce their own judgments in damage suits against themselves; for, next to the copper industry, the damage suit industry was the most considerable one in the state. And they had to own the press, so that their own lies should reach the world instead of someone else's lies, for there is nothing that one has such a prejudice in favor of as one's own lies. And there was no public interest involved in whose lies were told, for in the state of uncivilization then prevailing, they were bound to be lies anyway. And to this day I may say that the daily press of Montana, of both parties, is all owned by or controlled by the copper interest.

Now by the time that Mr. Wheeler had come to



be somewhat known in Montana as a young lawyer who put up a stiff fight in damage suits against the copper companies, the bull market for courts and legislatures had subsided. You could not truthfully say that a bear market had succeeded to it. No, it was rather a dull and spiritless market, but firm, quite firm. So that when Mr. Wheeler entered the State Legislature and became a member of the Judiciary Committee having an important bill before it, a copper man dropped in upon him and informed him that he had been appointed counsel of his copper company.

"And I suppose," said Mr. Wheeler, "you will expect me to vote right on that bill?"

"My dear Sir," said the copper man, "we haven't given it a moment's thought. We have always been confident you would vote right upon that bill."

Why did Mr. Wheeler not follow the usual course of lawyers and cast in his lot with the copper interests? It was not necessary to accept such a crude proposal as that which I have just described. A forceful young lawyer rising in politics may readily enough find employment by the big corporations which are in politics without taking it in the form of a bribe. And usually a lawyer sees that in that direction the largest earnings lie. Why is

Senator Borah, who is essentially conservative, animated always by sympathy for the lower classes, for the industrial outcasts, for revolutions that aim, however faultily, at righting the balance of opportunity?

There are men who have a constant sense of life's habitual injustice. Perhaps Mr. Wheeler is one of them. Perhaps his own humble origin had something to do with directing his sympathies. Perhaps he merely saw that the mining camp days in Montana were over, that there was a growing population in the state which was not interested in copper, which required courts where fair trials were possible, legislatures which would pass equal laws. Here, then, might lie his political opportunity. I do not pretend to say what influenced him. At any rate he did become a vigilante.

To do so was to take on an unscrupulous and powerful adversary, to face the chance of being framed; one could not even know that one's life was safe. His course called for a bold man; it required a quick and a resourceful rather than a nice and scrupulous fighter. The sense which a vigilante always carries about with him is "If I don't get them they will get me."

I don't know what is the truth about the inci-

dents that led up to the copper interests' finally getting Mr. Wheeler, bringing an end to his career as Federal District Attorney of Montana. Here, in substance, is his version of them. There was a strike started during the war in the Montana copper mines. The owners asserted that it had been fomented by I.W.W. agitators and demanded that they be prosecuted for obstructing America's preparation for war. Mr. Wheeler as Federal prosecutor investigated and became convinced that the strike had been stirred up by the copper companies' own agents, for the purpose of forcing the government to raise the price that it had fixed on copper. He refused to prosecute the I.W.W. leaders. The copper interests went to the Department of Justice and charged him with being an I.W.W. sympathizer, and that ended Mr. Wheeler for the time being. It also began Mr. Wheeler's hatred of the Department of Justice, of which the country had evidence in last winter's Daugherty investigation.

As Federal prosecutor he had seen much. He had or thinks he had seen one man killed by copper company agents for the purpose of providing the corpse with which to frame up I.W.W. leaders on the charge of murder.

For my purpose it makes little difference whether

Mr. Wheeler was right in his judgment about the strike and the murder. I am sure he thinks he was right. And that is enough, for all I wish to indicate is the picture he has in his mind of industrial society today, of the morality of the "big interests." He interprets the United States' economic organization more or less in the light of Montana.

He comes from the mining camp of Montana to Washington and looks out on the mining camp of the United States. He has little sense of the complications of an older society. No nice balance of social utility and disutility troubles his mind. He sees things simply. He has the simplifying habit of mind. He jumps at conclusions, as one must if all one's life one has felt "If I don't get them they will get me." He is intuitive. He is instinctive. He has no philosophic calm, such as Mr. Davis has. West Virginia is the Montana of the East, and Mr. Davis comes out of West Virginia with a campaign fund contribution from the biggest soft coal operator. Mr. Wheeler brings from Montana no campaign fund contribution from the big copper operators.

Mr. Wheeler has much to learn. Whether he will learn it or not, whether if he does learn it, he will in the process lose that boldness, that confidence,

that swiftness, that unerring aim, which have made him almost instantly on coming to Washington a national figure, I am not prepared to say. He has been too much of a fighter all his life to be a student or a thinker. I have talked with him frequently and he has never once mentioned reading a book. This proves nothing. But my impression is that he is little interested in general ideas, that his hands are always full of the case that he is prosecuting.

We call him a radical, but I doubt whether he has any definite political or economic program in his mind. He would strike "the evil" as he sees it with any weapon that came to hand. I once said to him that Mr. McAdoo was no progressive, that he had no convictions, that all he had was a feud with Wall Street dating from the time when Wall Street had turned a cold shoulder on him as a promoter. His comment was, "That is enough." What he meant, I suppose, was that progressivism was not a theory but a fight. But one grows tired of fighting; one does not grow tired of ideas. We have had too few men with programs and too many with the will and courage of inexperience.

Perhaps I ought to compare him with Mr. McAdoo. He is more like Mr. McAdoo than like any other man in Washington. Like Mr. McAdoo he is

an adventurer—I use this word in no disapproving sense. He has Mr. McAdoo's boldness, self-confidence, aggressiveness, relentlessness. He has all of Mr. McAdoo's cocksureness and infallibility. He is at bottom harsh and intolerant as Mr. McAdoo was. There is power in him as there was in Mr. McAdoo; the power of youth, fearlessness and freshness, for most public men, unlike him, are worn down by inevitable compromises, before they reach positions of influence. He is more impersonal than Mr. McAdoo. Mr. McAdoo hated vindictively the men who had stood in his way: at heart he was a feudist. Mr. Wheeler has no feuds: he hates what men have done, not the men themselves; the forces they represent, not for what they have done to him, but for what, as he sees it, they habitually do to others. Mr. McAdoo perished, brought down by the insincerity of making a private feud a public cause. Mr. Wheeler may fall too, from drawing a sword, from the limitations of the fighting type.

From the distance at which the public sees him Mr. Wheeler is a somewhat appalling figure. I have no doubt that he sends more shivers down the spine of complacency than any other man in our national life. Partly this is his youth. It is easy to forgive Mr. La Follette his last great appearance on the pub-



lic stage; it is not easy to forgive Mr. Wheeler his first. He is full of unknown possibilities. He presents the terrors of the unknown.

In personal contact I have found him to possess much attractiveness. He is young and handsome, two great virtues. He is a favorite at Washington dinner parties, which radicals ordinarily are not. He has a charming wife and that helps him. He has poise and self-possession. He is never boastful or strident. When he can be led to talk of his experiences in Montana he does so good-humoredly. He bears no resentments. He expects to be roughly handled and takes rough handling like a soldier. You feel that he is uninterested in the small change of politics, occupation with which makes so many men in Washington petty.

I have said that he is an adventurer. His life has been one long adventure. You may divide men into those who stay put and those who do not; the latter are the adventuresome. Mr. Coolidge is the kind that stays put. He remained in his barren New England and leaned upon influence. When he went out into the world, he went armed with a letter of introduction to the influential speaker of the Massachusetts House, the singed cat letter which I have reproduced. If he had gone to Montana he would



have taken with him a letter to the president of the Anaconda Copper Company.

Mr. Wheeler is another New Englander, one of the kind that does not stay put. The son of a poor Massachusetts shoemaker, he went West to seek his fortune, with nothing but his will to make things go. He went to Montana, a turbulent community where only the boldest could survive. To become a force in that lawless state he studied law. Now law is just a weapon, just something to fight with. It is not an end in itself, it is just a means. Education in it is not concerned with ideas for the sake of ideas, or with philosophies, but just with skill. And a fighting life does not conduce to study or rumination. Hence, again, a certain barrenness, already noted, in him as a political leader.

The supreme adventure of his life came when he arrived in Washington and pitted himself recklessly against the whole power of the Department of Justice in the hands of the unscrupulous Daugherty. When he demanded Daugherty's removal he had no evidence. He could not wait to obtain evidence. The time to strike at Daugherty was then or never. He knew only what everybody knew, about "the little green house in K Street," about Jess Smith's suspicious suicide, about the procession of crooks

in and out of the Department of Justice, about Daugherty's hardly reputable past. He jumped to the conclusion that Daugherty was guilty, and he felt that with a Senate investigation he could raise such a stench as to drive Daugherty out of office.

He knew that all the power of the Department of Justice would be used to frame him up and ruin him. And I can think of nothing more improper in Mr. Coolidge's Administration than his permitting one of his subordinates to use the lowest police intimidation methods against a co-ordinate branch of the government, the United States Senate.

It was a case once more of "If I don't get them they will get me," and that accounted for much of the roughness of the proceedings, which has undoubtedly left a bad taste in the public mouth. I said to him at the beginning, "If you don't succeed against Daugherty you are done for. And if you do succeed it won't make any difference how they attack you." He recognized this.

The crooks could tell the story of Jess Smith, and it was obvious that no one else could. It was a fight between Daugherty and Mr. Wheeler as to who should be able to use the crooks. Daugherty clung to his office to intimidate the crooks. Mr. Wheeler demonstrated that the entire Republican party from

the President down was in a panic over Daugherty.

The crooks deserted the man whose days were obviously numbered. They trooped before the Senate Committee and told their stories, wild stories, many of them untrue stories, but enough truth could be seen in the mass of them to show that Daugherty had to go. We disliked to have the Capitol of the United States look like a nasty police headquarters, and there was public unhappiness over the investigation. Some tears are shed over the "unfairness to Daugherty." I don't think Mr. Wheeler cares much about the fairness of his methods so long as the result is, in the vigilante sense, substantially just. And Daugherty had one simple means of defense so far as his personal reputation was concerned. He could have thrown open the books and accounts which he sequestered in his brother's bank. He did not do so.

Public judgment of Mr. Wheeler hangs mostly upon the investigation. He is "rough?" Yes. He is "radical?" I don't know. I think he thinks he is. He is "dangerous?" Well, he has the dangerous quality of jumping at conclusions, of not seeing the end before he makes the beginning, of ruthlessness, of the vigilante habit of doing "substantial justice." He has the dangerousness of youth.

"Fools rush in, etc." Yes, and equally often fools stay out. I have seen so many fools stay out in my day, that I like to see one rush in now and then.

Now I ought to say, in all fairness, that Mr. Wheeler is the one man described in this book with whom I have had other than purely professional relations. I have for him something short of friendship, rather a personal liking. For none of the others do I give two pins. I have tried to write of him with the same detachment that I have felt in writing of the others, to indicate limitations without reserve, how successfully the reader may judge for himself.

IN THE COOLIDGE CIRCLE



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### The National Chairman

MR. WILLIAM M. BUTLER manages the Republican Party just as he would manage any other corporation. He takes hold of it as he probably took hold of the Boston and Worcester Street Railway Company, which was temporarily in his hands. He always has two or three big corporations to run, and one more or less does not make any difference. The habits of twenty years are too firmly fixed for him to be any different as chairman of the Republican National Committee from what he is as head of his life insurance company. He is the most impersonal chairman any political party has ever had. Heads of great corporations always are impersonal.

I saw him day after day getting breakfast alone in the Cleveland Hotel during the Republican convention. Fancy the extraordinary achievement of



the boss of a convention and a campaign being able to eat breakfast alone! He walked the length of the hotel lobby without any one feeling that he knew him well enough to come up and speak to him.

Another one of these cold New Englanders, you say. No, he is as different from Calvin Coolidge as it is possible for a man to be. You feel the difference when he smiles. His smile has real merriment. Coolidge's smile is wry and a little hard. Butler, if he had stuck to politics, might have been gay and friendly in a dignified and somewhat distant way. Heaven knows what Coolidge would have been if, like Butler, he had quit politics and gone in for making money. On the social side Coolidge's nature is almost parsimonious; Butler's is only economical. I never saw him guilty of one wasted social gesture.

He is the kind of man who grows rich in a settled community where competition is sharp and opportunities are limited. Under such conditions a man does not turn out a million as an incident in the main business of thoroughly enjoying life.

When you look around for a parallel to Mr. Butler you think naturally of Mark Hanna. My own first-hand knowledge of politics does not go back to Hanna, but I imagine him to have been one of

those rough pioneer spirits who grew rich when business relations were highly personal. He could soon learn to meet politicians on their own ground. Butler is the product of a different age. The pioneers just had to pick the right spot and let their towns grow up around them. They had plenty of spare energy to play. Nowadays it is not so easy; certainly not so easy in a developed section like New England.

And Mr. Butler is not the kind of man who does things easily. He does everything himself. He has been running a big law business, and that is a good deal like a corporation; a cotton-manufacturing concern or two, a life-insurance company and for some time a railroad. Subordinates come in and ask him questions. He answers them without wasting a word and eases them out or freezes them out, whichever way you want to put it. And Mr. Butler was not going to change his ways just to run a national campaign. Why should he? Politics is not a new and absorbing interest to him, as it sometimes becomes to successful business men. I do not think he particularly loves his job. He took it on as he would take on conducting a receivership, a temporary task.

If he loved being boss of the National Committee

better than anything else in the world, the side of him that comes to the surface when he smiles would be seen more often. He would get more fun out of his job. He would perceive that the Republican Party was not just another corporation but a highly personal organization. But he will not, and it will not make much difference. There are as many ways of running a national campaign as there are men, and they are all right when they win and all wrong when they lose. Mr. Butler has his own way. It is the one-man way. It is arbitrary, dictatorial, like that of the master of a great corporation. The politicians do not know what to make of it. But back of Mr. Butler stands the authority of Mr. Coolidge, and what more need be there?

### **The President's Friend**

FRANK W. STEARNS is the one man who, without public criticism, has put it over as the friend of the President. You see him daily about the White House, going in and out of the executive offices, chewing a cigar, and stopping to chat with the newspaper men, especially the New England newspaper men.

No one in my knowledge ever acted so much as if he belonged in the White House as does Mr.

Stearns. Presidents always seem merely temporary residents of the White House. But Mr. Stearns seems to live there. You never think of a President as having a home. But Mr. Stearns is an ordinary human being with a home. He goes in and out of the White House as naturally and easily as I go in and out of my flat. As a people we have been rather jealous of friends of the President. I have known a President, not many years ago, to tell his wife that she must keep out of the executive offices for fear the public would think that some one who had not been elected was exercising too much influence. But no one is jealous of Mr. Stearns. Why?

Let us look at other friends of Presidents. There was Mark Hanna, who had financed McKinley personally when McKinley lost his money, who had nominated McKinley, and who thus was made the master of the Republican party. When McKinley became President he said: "Mark, you've got to get an office for yourself. We can't have two White Houses in Washington. You've got to have some reason for being at the Capital."

So Hanna had himself elected as Senator from Ohio. But even that did not satisfy the critics, who kept saying that there was too much Hanna about the Administration.

Then there was Colonel House, who was President Wilson's friend. House tried to solve the difficulty of being the President's friend in another way. He stayed away from Washington, only paying occasional visits to the White House and slipping in quietly. He tried to be unobtrusive about it. He was only a Democrat who knew the President and who called now and then, like any other Democrat, to pay his respects and to consult. And the result was that he practically set up another White House in New York, where he lived.

People who could not see Wilson sought House in New York. Letters that brought no response from the President were then sent to House. He was "the mysterious Colonel House." The more unobtrusive he tried to be the more of a sensation he was. The less he talked the greater the legend about him grew. The more infrequently he came to the White House the more important the visits became. There was more criticism of the President's friend Colonel House, than there had been of the President's friend Mark Hanna.

When Mr. Harding became President he was threatened with a President's friend. Mr. Harding was a weaker man than either President Wilson or President McKinley, and he could less afford to

give any one the run of the White House than either of them could. Mr. Harding solved the problem of Col. George Harvey by sending him abroad. The motive was the same as that of Senator Platt in consenting to Joseph H. Choate's being made Ambassador to Great Britain. Choate belonged to the better element in New York, to whom, as Platt would say, it was occasionally necessary to pander. A collection of Choate's speeches would contain many denunciations of Boss Platt.

President McKinley wished to send Choate, who was a brilliant speaker, a wit, a charming personality, and a leader of the New York bar, to the Court of St. James. He had to obtain the consent of the Senator from New York. He sent for Senator Platt and said to him: "I want to name for office a man from New York that you dislike." "Who is he?" asked Platt. "Joseph H. Choate," replied McKinley. "What job do you want to give him?" asked Platt. "I want to send him to a foreign post," replied McKinley. "The foreigner the better," replied Platt.

So in the case of his imposing friend President Harding's instinct taught him that Platt's rule, "the foreigner the better," was wise, and Colonel Harvey had his distinguished career as Ambassador to Great Britain.

I have told of these previous Presidents' friends for the sake of contrast to suggest some of the things that Mr. Stearns is not. Mr. Hanna was a powerful personality. There is not any implication of power about Mr. Stearns. Colonel House made a mystery of himself. Mr. Stearns is no more of a mystery than the White House doorkeeper. Colonel Harvey had an air. Never was there anybody who had less of an air about him than Mr. Stearns. All the other Presidents' friends had ambitions. Mark Hanna had the ambition for power; he even tried to run for President. Colonel House had the ambition to be on the inside of world affairs. Colonel Harvey had the ambition to be taken for the great man he is. Mr. Stearns's only ambition is Mr. Coolidge.

Never was a man so completely absorbed in another as Mr. Stearns is in his President. He looks like the benevolent old uncle "who has put the boy through college." He is a stubby figure of a man without the slightest pretension in the world. He dabbles with politics, not because he loves politics, but because his one passionate interest is Calvin Coolidge's political fortunes. He is described as a good listener. What they do with all the good listeners in the Coolidge circle I cannot guess. If



I should put it in a word why the public is not jealous of this President's friend I should say it was because he is not at all self-conscious about being the President's friend.

### **The Private Secretary**

C. BASCOM SLEMP, private secretary to President Coolidge, is a slim, rather elegant-looking figure, his movements are catlike, his fingers slender and rather deft. His eyes are strangely black so that you cannot distinguish the iris from the pupil. You never see them move. They rest suddenly upon you and you never catch them moving toward you or away from you. The muscles of his face never seem to move; when he smiles, there is a perceptible muscular action one-quarter of an inch from the lips. The smile never gets up into the eyes. Some one says to me, "A poker face." But, no, a poker face is a mask, while you feel that that face is not a mask; it is Slemp. There is a lack of angularity everywhere, nothing to get hold of. The voice is soft and always the same; it betrays nothing. Secrets are safe in the possession of Mr. Slemp. Neither consciously nor unconsciously do they get out. The complexion is sallow, a little billious-looking. You think it would do him good to have his

liver flopped with a little excitement, but you are quite sure it never will be.

A perfect private secretary, you will say. Discretion will take up another notch in its vest in imitation of Mr. Slemph. But I like a little indiscretion in private secretaries. I should like to see Mr. Slemph take his heart out and hang it on his coat sleeve for a little while. I long for a good look at it. Of course, I was spoiled for other private secretaries by Mr. Tumulty. I love the story of President Wilson's telling his private secretary of an important appointment he intended to make and Mr. Tumulty saying, "Well, Governor, you robbed the grave there." I can not think of Mr. Slemph's saying anything like that to Mr. Coolidge. I can almost hear him say, instead, "Yes, Mr. President, he's a good friend of John Juniperson, captain of the third precinct of the Fourth Ward of Canajoharie."

The question is, Should a private secretary to the President supplement the President, have the qualities in which the President is deficient? One important function of the private secretary is to interpret the President to the country. Should the amalgam, this creature, part President and part private secretary, who reaches the country through

the press, be a well-rounded individual? Mr. Slemm interprets an uncommunicative man uncommunicatively. I admit he would have a hard job to do it in any other way. Even those who ought to understand Mr. Coolidge's mind best profess always not to know what is in it. I think that Mr. Slemm intensifies rather than supplements his chief. Perhaps it is a weakness of the President that he chooses men who intensify rather than supplement him. There is his campaign manager, Mr. William M. Butler—another Massachusetts man, a cold man, a silent man. Mr. Slemm has an excellent eye for the practical details of politics. And Mr. Coolidge's mind runs to the practical details of politics.

I should say that some good Celt with, let us say, Mr. Borah's sense of what is in the hearts of the people would be a useful man to have around the White House.

### **The Keynoter**

*"Jacta est alea."* I do not know how better to begin a sketch of Congressman Theodore E. Burton, who was temporary chairman of the Republican National Convention, than with these words, with which began his first address to the voters of Cleveland when he was persuaded to run for Mayor

against Tom Johnson. I hasten to explain that "Jacta est alea" is Latin and means "The die is cast." It would not occur to Mr. Burton to explain what they meant. He is the kind of man who would be unconscious that the plain people of Cleveland do not always say "Jacta est alea" when they throw a seven—or is it an eleven?—in a craps game. It was thought a great joke to match Mr. Burton's Latin against Tom Johnson's English of the streets. And it made me laugh as I watched Mr. Burton, elderly, dignified, ponderous, cautious, able, of the old school, as full of Latin as a college professor of 1850, compared him with Mr. Harrison, keynoter of the Democrats, gay, irrepressible, without any side, a good mixer who forgot his Latin as soon as he passed his last examination in it, and thought how each of them typifies his party. Harrison was temporary chairman because he is a good fellow, human—a person, in short. Burton was temporary chairman because he is a figure, respectable, safe sure. Harrison is a man first and a Democrat afterward; Burton is a Republican first and a man afterward; that is, he has been a Republican so long and taken the job of being a Republican so seriously that the voice of his party is second nature to him.

He is a Republican fundamentalist. He made

a speech that was solid and dignified, laborious, well-considered, as human as a Treasury report. A classical allusion or two served to tie the party up with its glorious past. A spacious wordiness showed that no concessions were made to the fashions of the moment. You shut your eyes and you were able to imagine McKinley, Mark Hanna, Aldrich and John Sherman among the auditors.

And it was fitting that Mr. Burton should set the keynote for Mr. Coolidge. Mr. Burton made Mr. Coolidge's Presidency possible. This great service to his country was entirely unconscious. Mr. Burton had been Senator from Ohio from 1908 to 1914. He had been a faithful follower of Senator Aldrich, for those were the days when it was not a Republican's proudest claim to ré-election that he had always voted against his party. A certain string of opposition newspapers took to printing in 1914 a cartoon of Burton, showing him carrying a satchel with the words on it, "114 times with Aldrich." Whenever Burton came home to Cleveland the cartoon would be reprinted. He would slip in incognito in the dead of night, but the cartoon would reappear. Finally Burton, who is caution itself, decided not to run for Senator again. So Mr. Harding's friends pried him loose from the golf

links of Florida and he was easily elected, as Burton doubtless would also have been. Thus Harding became President and then Mr. Coolidge.

### **The Man Who Was**

EDWIN DENBY, ex-Secretary of the Navy, is of the old-grad type. I do not know it for a fact, but I venture that he turns up at every commencement of his college and has been several times president of the Alumni Association. You know the sort that are just as much interested in the Alpha Beta Gamma fraternity thirty years after graduation, as they were when they were competing for some desirable freshman with the hated Delta Epsilon Zetas, who go to every annual convention of the fraternity and hang around the fraternity clubhouses in their home city.

Denby was a guard on the University of Michigan football team when he was in college. He is a great, bulking, good-natured man, with a large, amiable mouth and flabby jowls. He was enough of a patriot and college boy at forty-seven to enlist in the Marine Corps as a private when the war broke out, subjecting his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh to the hard discipline of military drill out of the still unspent enthusiasm of his youth.

Now it is a very engaging quality in a man which leads him at forty-seven and fifty pounds over weight to offer his services to his country. But it is not a quality which makes him a cold, hard and calculating administrator of a great office.

Mr. Denby has, I suspect, an almost irresistible impulse to give the college yell. He yielded to it in 1910 and went out of public life hurriedly on account of doing so in an ill-timed way. He had been part of the Cannon machine in the House of Representatives; and the Cannon machine represented to him the football team of which he was a member in middle life.

In 1910 had come the great revolt against "Cannonism," and Cannon was about as popular then as Albert B. Fall is today. So up jumps Denby and says, "Three cheers for Joseph G. Cannon! He is my candidate for President in 1912." A few months later Denby, who was ordinarily elected to Congress by a 2-to-1 vote, went down to defeat by a 2-to-1 vote the other way. That was what Detroit thought of his yell. He would rather be crushed for his good old alma mater of the Old Guard than keep his mouth shut and stay in Congress. He is as loyal as the eternal sophomore.



This accident and the forty-seven-year-old two hundred and fifty pound enlistment as a private, and one glance at the heavy-featured, good-natured face tell you all you need to know about Denby.

Now let us see how this good old alma-mater spirit works out on oil leases. Denby was one of the committee which whitewashed Ballinger in the Ballinger-Pinchot row. Being an ex-guard, he plied a lusty whitewash brush. The team, the gang, the boys, or whatever you call them, were all against conservation. So when he entered the Navy Department as Secretary he knew that keeping the oil reserves out of commercial exploitation was all Pinchot piffle. More than that, since the brave days of Cannon and Ballinger, Secretary Lane, the most respectable member of President Wilson's Cabinet, had been in favor of leasing the naval oil reserves, and that made their leasing more respectable. And Secretary Daniels, the most disrespectable member of the Wilson Cabinet, had opposed the leasing of those reserves, and that made their leasing still more respectable.

So it is no doubt true, as he testified, that the signing away of \$100,000,000 profits to Doheny was a mere detail which he had forgotten. An honest, well-intentioned, good-natured, slow-witted man,

who has never quite grown up: all he needed to know was that the boys were for it.

### A Liberalizer

I WANT to give a picture of Senator Borah as he appears to a conservative Republican Senator who knows him well, admires and likes him. When you have read it you will perceive why he is so uncertain a factor in the present uncertain political situation. The Senator who is speaking is the ablest of the conservatives, though not the most conspicuous. "Borah," says he, "is the ablest man who has been in Congress in many years." I agree with him there; certainly the ablest in my time. "He is the quickest man on his feet I have ever seen. No one else is his equal in debate.

"The key to Borah's attitude on social questions is his intense sympathy with the underdog. This feeling of his is very profound, very sincere. I think it explains his attitude on the recognition of Russia. The Russian revolution is a proletarian movement, an underdog movement. Borah does not agree with its principles, but he is deeply sympathetic with any effort of the lower classes to increase their power, to better their conditions. You cannot explain his position in any other way. He has no-

thing to gain politically from advocating the recognition of Russia. Labor is against it. Business is against it. Perhaps just because he has this deep sympathy with the masses he has an acute sense of mass psychology. No one in the Senate knows better what ordinary people all over the country are thinking than does Borah.

"All his views are colored by his study of the French Revolution. He knows more about that episode than any one but a professional student of the period." It probably intrigues him as a moment in history when, Hamletwise, thought broke through and became action, when philosophy translated itself into violence, when men tried to make ideals a reality. Revolutions, at a little distance, always allure the intellectuals like Borah because they always begin as intellectual movements, and the thinking type of man loves to see what thought looks like in action; he so seldom has a chance to.

Borah is an individualist. He hates anything that interferes with free scope for individuality. He is the leading Jeffersonian Republican in the United States.

Now for my Senator again. "You can't work with Borah and he can't work with you. He's a singleton (golfers will understand this word).

When he introduces a resolution in the Senate it always comes as a complete surprise. He consults no one about it. He advises with no one. Nor can you ever be sure he will vote for your resolution. Even after you think you have persuaded him to do so, he will think it over or grow suspicious about it and vote the other way. He has no followers in the Senate. His influence upon the Senate is purely intellectual, not personal. When you get him into a conference you can not keep him there. He instantly becomes restless. In five minutes he fidgets with his hat. In seven minutes he is on his feet looking out of the window. In ten minutes he is gone."

You see in all this the man of thought, not the man of action. The man of action knows the necessity of working with and through other men. He appeals to other things in men than their minds. Borah is content to appeal to men's minds and has to work alone. He is more akin to Woodrow Wilson than he is to Theodore Roosevelt. I am speaking simply of his type, not of his temperament. It is odd how this country, whose ideal is the man of action, turns every now and then to the man of thought for its salvation.

When Senator Borah is to speak, it is a piece of

news. The papers print, days in advance, "Mr. Borah will address the Senate on Monday" upon the recognition of Russia, upon the taxes, upon the tariff, or upon whatever is before the Senate that interests him. Consider that. The mere fact that Borah is to make a speech is news. It is not true of any other Senator that the mere fact that he is to rise from his seat and emit words for an hour or so is worth putting on the wires from Washington.

Now it may be printed in advance that Mr. Lodge is going to address the Senate, or that Mr. Smoot is going to address the Senate, or that Mr. Cummins will be heard from at length. But the news in these instances is that the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, or the chairman of the Finance Committee, or the chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee, is going to speak. Position gives them news value. The news value of Borah is in himself.

And when Borah does speak, the Senate galleries are filled and people wait outside the doors on the chance of getting a seat that some one who has to hurry away to keep an appointment or catch a train may vacate. Mrs. Alice Longworth sits in the front row of the Senators' private gallery. Mrs. Coolidge may be there, as she was when Borah spoke

on Russia. Senators' wives and daughters who hear enough shop talked at home to have little curiosity about what happens at the Capitol, fill the rest of that gallery. A diplomat or two will sit in the usually empty diplomatic gallery. Two-thirds of the usually empty seats on the Senate floor will be occupied.

And it is not because a speech by Borah is a good show. A speech by Jim Reed used to be a good show. So was one by John Sharp Williams. Pat Harrison now and then puts on some good vaudeville. But Borah is never funny. He is seldom sarcastic, and then only mildly so. He never rends a victim to pieces before the eyes of the crowd, satisfying the attenuated blood lust of a civilized audience. And, above all, he is never personal, and to be brilliantly personal is one way of producing a good show. He is never sensational. His audiences never come to hear their own views expressed with authority, for they seldom agree with him.

One might say that they come to hear oratory, but they don't. It is the man who attracts them as much as what he says or the way he says it. It is common to call Borah the best orator in the Senate, and so he is, but measured by oratory, he is only a fine speaker. His language keeps on the prosaic side of eloquence. His voice is good, one of the

best in the Senate, but it is not a voice like Bryan's. His choice of words is easy and careless. It never leads you to say, "This is fine writing." He makes no phrases, coins no epigrams. No self-conscious act causes doubts of sincerity.

He has moral earnestness, but it never rises to the point of fervor that might bore you. He has little passion. And this is an age which thinks passion a fake and art insincerity. He disagrees with you by the width of the sky, but he does so in a way that leaves you feeling that he understands and respects your position and that all he asks in return is understanding and respect for his. Thus he never leaves a wound. His is a fine mind that has not contempt for lesser minds. Naturally, lesser minds feel well disposed to it.

He does not speak too much. He does not speak too long. Oh, perhaps I had better sum it up by saying that "too" is the one word that you can not apply to Borah. You never can say "Borah too" nor "Borah is too" anything. And "too" is, perhaps, the one word that democracies hate.

#### **Mr. Hughes' Successor—Maybe**

"THE trouble with Charley Warren is that he's too confoundedly smart," President Harding once



remarked of Charles B. Warren, the recent Ambassador to Mexico. Harding had no liking for minds that were swift, elusive and circuitous; his own mind was too slow and simple for that. For his friends he chose rather dull people. For important offices he selected men whose minds, if they had power, had also simplicity and directness. For him mental contacts were not a game of the utmost skill.

With the ex-Ambassador the use of his mind is a high strategic art. He is a general, bringing up his mental forces from somewhere in the rear while he is making a demonstration with his light cavalry in front. The terrain of any topic you discuss with him is full of careful ambushes. You are always expecting to be taken unawares.

Now mental conflicts under the conditions of modern democracy have settled down to trench warfare. It's all direct attack and attrition. The good old Napoleonic tactics of concealed movements and bringing up forces out of nowhere for surprise attacks seem strange and disconcerting. So the general verdict about Mr. Warren has been in accord with Mr. Harding. It has counted against him in politics. He would doubtless have liked to be Governor or Senator from Michigan, but you do not go to the people on the bewildering mobility of your

mind; that is, you do not if you expect to be elected.

He would have liked to be a member of President Harding's Cabinet, but I have already recorded the reason why his ambition was defeated. Even in the realm of practical politics which he essayed as National Committeeman, he was about twice too nimble-minded. I have always liked him. His exterior is smooth and shining. I always felt that I could get my hooks into him as easily as I could into a polished steel ball. But it is occasionally fun to face the impossible.

I am describing the ideal diplomat? Oh, yes, if actual diplomacy were like the diplomacy of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel. He is the ablest diplomat of the eighteenth century now living in the twentieth century. In all those intricate dealings which preceded and laid the ground for the Great War he would have been at home and no one would have fooled him. But diplomacy has, like everything else, now settled down to trench warfare. The war of movement in which he would have delighted is over. Countries now press upon each other with their economic might, their control of credit and what not. They no longer maneuver each other about by the skill of brains. An Ambassador makes

after-dinner speeches and acts as an elegant cable messenger boy.

### **Another Liberalizer**

SENATOR JAMES COUZENS, of Michigan, is an aggressive business executive, wrapped up in the cotton wool of senatorial courtesy. His characteristic gesture when you talk to him about a question in which he is controversially interested is to pull up his trousers and give a hitch to his coat; it is a sort of girding up his loins and stripping for action. Modern conventions in the matter of clothes stand in his way. You can not do much with trousers and coat to give full scope to your aggressiveness. And you can not do much in public life to express the restless energy of a man of action. Public life is mostly mirror-fighting, and Couzens is not a mirror-fighter.

They tell me that when he was connected with the Ford Motor Company he used to go about the plant looking for the hard and disagreeable things to do. If there was a man to be fired, instead of passing this unpleasant task over to the proper subordinate, as most executives do, he would go and take it out of the hands of the foreman and do it himself. If a contract had to be broken, Couzens would break it himself in such a way as to make the contractor

feel the full force of the Ford Company's disapproval of his bad work. If a business fight was on anywhere Couzens would be in the thick of it. He has a passion for hiring and firing, a zest for beating a competitor.

When he retired from the Ford Motor Company he peeled off his fortune as he would his coat for the bigger fight of public life, put it where it would not make much money for him and where a mere clerk could clip his coupons and look after his bank balance. He had the illusion that there was a great big battle out there somewhere to be fought. He was all girded up with nowhere to go. He does not advocate Government ownership of railroads, but if we had Government ownership, he would bring to the job of running them an aggressiveness, force, courage and disinterestedness that not one dozen other men in the world have.

There he stands, giving a pull at his trousers at the slightest sniff even of controversy, and we as a people do not know how to use him. An executive in the business world acts swiftly and directly. An executive in public life has to think up his explanations first and ends by compromising. Couzens gives a poke at the non-resistant world around him and encounters nothing but softness.

He took a shot at the railroads, and they merely sent some one to see that his transportation was looked after. He made a crack at the Anti-Saloon League of Michigan and nothing happened. The Detroit Chamber of Commerce got a blow from him and did not come back. Henry Ford saw him double up his fists and got out of the way of them.

Looking for a contest he took to writing more letters to Secretary Mellon than St. Paul ever wrote to the Ephesians, Corinthians, Philippians and all the others put together. Now, letters are a poor substitute for action in the case of Mr. Couzens. He is at his best when he can look a man in the eye and say, "You're fired!" He couldn't say that to Mr. Mellon, so he wrote him letters and letters and letters. The trouble with letters is that they are answered back, and Mr. Couzens is not used to being answered back. Mr. Mellon, however, wrote Mr. Couzens letters and letters and letters, too. The Michigan Republicans were scandalized that their Senator should presume to such epistolary lengths.

So their State Committee held a meeting and passed a resolution saying that all candidates should sign a pledge to support President Coolidge and love the stranger within his gates, including such strangers as the Secretary of the Treasury. It did not

say a word about the "splendid (epistolary) record of our great Senator, James Couzens." On that subject the State Committee was what is known as "ominously silent." Mr. Couzens can be ominously silent too. He was.

After a few restive days the chairman of the State Committee, Mr. Burt Cady, broke the ominous silence and wrote a letter. He asked Mr. Couzens what he proposed to do about it. Mr. Couzens wrote back that he did not propose to do a thing about it. He would sign no pledges. Mr. Couzens fell ill and went to a hospital. Then Mr. Cady wrote to him again, saying how the Senator's affliction had softened the hearts of the Republicans of Michigan and implying that looking into the valley of the shadow he ought to have seen the error of his epistolary ways. What was he going to do about it?

Then Mr. Couzens wrote back that the Republicans of Michigan could go to. He was not going to sign any pledges. By return mail came to hand one from Mr. Cady saying how much he admired Mr. Couzens' spirit. The Republicans of Michigan had been looking for a man of that quality to train for Senator. Wouldn't he please accept the nomination? P. S.—Mr. Cady added, "I hope you will bring along a few letters." So Mr. Couzens will run for Sen-

ator indorsed by the Republican Party and then he indorsed President Coolidge. Politics had got him.

### **Common Sense Receives a Visit**

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE announces that the issue of the campaign is common sense, and immediately there drop in upon him the three best proofs in the world that the big things are not accomplished by common sense. You couldn't find as little common sense and as much uncommon sense in any other automobile in the world as there was in the car that drove up to the old Coolidge farm with Ford, Edison, and Firestone in it and went away with the ancestral maple sugar bucket. Common sense in Detroit said that Ford was a "nut" until he proved his first gasoline buggy would run. Common sense would have rejected in advance every one of Edison's mad ideas, and it would have been right on nine out of every ten of them, but it would be worth while to go wrong on ninety-nine of them in order to be right on one.

Common sense keeps you from making a fool of yourself. It is doubtless important that government should not make a fool of itself, and to that extent President Coolidge is right about his issue. But governments never do anything comparable to



what Ford or Edison have done, just because they have common sense. Probably the real reason why we distrust government ownership is that we know the deadness of common sense would settle down over the thing thus owned.

It is a nice little annual vacation party the three have together, in the course of one of which they played their unconscious joke upon Mr. Coolidge by reminding him of the higher practicality of the impractical fellows. Each respects the others and knows the others' limitations, but not his own! Edison says that Ford is a wonderful manager of a plant but that he wouldn't vote for him for sheriff. Ford thinks that he could solve all the problems of government but that he owes himself to his business. What Ford thinks of the still unrealized inventions of Edison would probably fill a book. And Harvey Firestone, little, with his head tilted on one side, regrets that they have not either of them the vision to see as he sees rubber trees growing in everybody's backyard. A nice time each of them must have thinking of the other, "He's a wonderful fellow, but——"

Of the three Ford is far the most important. He is a social force, a modifier of society, as well as a mechanical genius. The others have invented ma-

chines and tires. Ford has not only invented a machine but he has invented a new kind of man. He has effected the perfect marriage of man and the machine toward which the world has been tending ever since steam was made to turn wheels. Ford himself is married to the machine. He can not take himself, he can not take his money, "out of the business," as he says. He only breaks away once in a while to cock his eye at the two fellows with loose ideas in their heads who annually go riding with him. He has reduced the human being to its lowest terms, the unmechanical element that is barely necessary to a great mechanical organization. He has forecast a whole new society. There will be a thousand Fords in the next generation to three or four Edisons and Firestones. You have to reduce human beings to their lowest terms before you can ask the question whether men were made for machines or machines for men. It will take a greater man than Ford to ask it and answer. Meanwhile common sense, long may it wave.



IN THE DAVIS CIRCLE



## IN THE DAVIS CIRCLE

### **The Colorful Democrats**

ONE of my Western editorial friends, a Republican, went to see Al Smith during the convention in New York. His expectations were aroused. He was prepared to encounter an extraordinary personality. In the course of a newspaper conference, Governor Smith said: "These is the facts." The Republican editor came away disappointed. The grammatical irregularity distressed him. He could not bear to think of a man in the White House whose predicates were not scrupulously regardful of their subjects.

I have been trying ever since the party conventions assembled this year to think of some way of defining the difference between assembled Democrats and assembled Republicans. It is a difference you feel rather than one you apprehend with your mind. I cannot think of anything that illustrates it better than the attitude of a Democrat and of a Republican to Governor Smith's grammar. A Demo-

crat would be tolerant of its individuality. Or he would be sympathetically amused by its disregard of rules. A Republican would be sorrowful over it.

A Republican attaches a great importance to appearances; a Democrat much less. A Republican makes a great virtue of respectability; a Democrat respects respectability, but thinks it dull. A Republican is regular; a Democrat is, when it pleases him, irregular. I am not referring to party regularity, but to that greater regularity by which we all more or less live. To go back to Governor Smith's grammar, you can parse a Republican; you cannot always parse a Democrat.

A Democrat is an individualist; a Republican is not. A Republican goes to a national convention as if it were a bank directors' meeting; a Democrat goes to one as if it were something between a prize-fight and a revival meeting. To a Republican politics is something between a solemn duty and a business; to a Democrat it is something between a sport and a passion. A Democratic convention is emotional, colorful, human; a Republican convention is repressed, correct and dull. We say constantly of Democratic conventions: "The Democrats can be counted upon to make a mess of it," and we never say that of Republican conventions, because



Democrats are incalculable and never quite calculating. Republicans are always calculable and ordinarily calculating.

Why does this difference between the two parties persist? In the first place, because the Democrats have a considerable Celtic strain, and Celts are never so solemn and important as Saxons. Then, too, the politically disinherited belong largely to the Democratic Party. In sixty-four years the Democrats have had Presidents for only sixteen years. Much practice has made them good losers. The Republicans have the usual vices of winners. I suspect that Esau in his inefficiency had human qualities that Jacob lacked.

Among the Democratic Esaus are the Southerners, half the party. For sixty-four years it has been a tradition that no Southerner should inherit the Presidency. You know what the Presidential bee does to a man. Well, to put it in a word, the Republican Party as a whole has the bee in its bonnet; the Democratic Party has not, or only a little one.

### **The National Chairman**

CLEM SHAVER, Mr. Davis's new chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is known as Pussy-foot Shaver among his neighbors in West Virginia.

His appointment to manage the campaign has been as sharply criticized by the Democratic regulars as Mr. Butler's appointment by Mr. Coolidge has been by the Republican regulars. It is only fair to say that Mr. Shaver did not want the job. It was not to his taste, and he felt that he lacked experience.

But the choice is easily understood by West Virginians. Mr. Shaver is the business agent of Clarence Watson, the West Virginia soft coal millionaire, and Mr. Watson is a large contributor to the Davis campaign funds. Mr. Watson's influence made Mr. Shaver Democratic state chairman for several years in West Virginia. In addition to the Watson influence, Mr. Davis's personal friendship for Mr. Shaver counted. Mr. Davis and Mr. Shaver were county chairmen of adjoining counties.

Mr. Shaver is an odd, shy, quiet man. He says as little as does Mr. Butler, the Republican Chairman. So unsocial is he that he is in the habit of letting two men talk to him without introducing them. During the notification ceremonies Mr. Davis went to Mr. Shaver's home in Fairmont. The newspaper correspondents were invited to join the party. They went over to Mr. Shaver's fine place, and there they were left rather awkwardly to their own devices. Mr. Shaver likes country life better than

politics. He is a stock breeder of large experience and likes to spend a large part of the year fishing. It is almost impossible to get a word out of him, but when he does tell you anything you can bank on it. He is simple, direct and unassuming.

A great year for the silent men in politics. There is a silent chairman for both the old party national committees. Mr. Butler for the Republicans has an equally silent coadjutor in charge of the Western headquarters at Chicago—Mr. Roy O. West of Illinois—and the Republicans offer a silent candidate for President.

### **The Keynoter**

THE Democratic Party united upon Senator Pat Harrison for temporary chairman of its National Convention. Consider the advantages Pat Harrison has as a bond of union. In the Congressional Directory there he is, "Pat Harrison." In "Who's Who" read about him under "Byron Patton Harrison." In New York he could be received in Tammany Hall as Pat. In the South you can not beat the name of Harrison. There was the Harrison who married the daughter of old King Carter, from whom all the Carters of Cartersville came, and who left more political descendants than any other man

who ever lived, including both the Carter Harrisons of Chicago and I suppose both the Harrisons who have been President of the United States. That family tree ought to be big enough to include among its branches both Pat and Byron Patton Harrison. A wonderful convenience these looking-two-ways names are.

He has the Pat temperament, too: the gift of tears and laughter. He will go into Detroit and make campaign speeches. He is about to begin. "Who is that Polish national hero, Kos—what's the rest of it?" "Kosciusko." And he will make a speech about Kosciusko that will cause the livers of all the Poles to tremble and the Poles themselves to fill the boxes with Democratic votes. Next meeting, same evening. "That Czecho-Slovak fellow is Masaryk, isn't he?" And he will tell about the friendship of Wilson and Masaryk, so that all the Bohemians will think the Democratic Party is Masaryk's own party. In Mississippi primary campaigns come during the month of flowers. The town turns out with autos full of flowers. Pat drives first to the Confederate cemetery. He lays the flowers on the graves with his own hands. He makes a speech that melts the tombstones themselves. No one can beat him there.

In the Senate he has been mostly Pat. His friends are the Northern Democrats. He is gay and humorous. The impulse to cover his opponents with good-natured satire is irresistible. But his vitality is so enormous, his enjoyment of the situation is so huge, that he never says anything which leaves a wound. He suffers from the reputation (which a clever tongue always brings) of not being serious; and as he will be mentioned for the Presidency in the Democratic Convention of 1928, if by that time the centrifugal forces in the Democratic Party have not produced a fissure, the Byron Patton in him is struggling with the Pat. What is going on inside him is almost like the convulsion in the Democratic Party itself. The chance to heap ridicule on the Republicans comes, and I see him gripping the arms of his Senate Chamber chair to keep himself in his seat. He walks out into the cloakroom to resist the temptation. Often he comes back all Pat—but not so often as formerly.

When he came to writing his great speech for the National Convention he let Pat Harrison write whatever that imp would like to put on paper. Then he let Byron Patton Harrison write whatever that more or less repressed statesman would like to tell the world. I take it that Byron Patton loves the

purple patch, and, of course, Pat loves confusion to his enemies. Then he let Byron Patton edit what Pat wrote and Pat edit what Byron Patton wrote. Whatever passed the blue pencils of these two critics made a great speech.

### The Old Leader

I HAVE two vivid, inerasable memories of Wilson, one at the Paris Peace Conference, talking to the press just after he had secured the acceptance of his League of Nations plan, and the other two years later, dragging himself along a corridor of the Capitol to the President's room at the inauguration of President Harding. In Paris he was at the apex of his career. He was flushed with the sense of achievement. He was filled with a vision of a world remade nearer to his heart's desire. At the Capitol he was a broken man.

At Paris his face shone, his eyes were bright, his color good, he looked full of power. His willingness to see the press was a sign of his confidence and his happiness, for he had little liking and respect for the men who write the news. He opened his heart as much as he could. He talked well and freely, gladly answering all questions—there probably never was a man in the whole of history who

seemed so near the realization of a great ideal of humanity as Wilson did at that moment.

Some of us had a partial sense of the disappointment awaiting him, but none of us foresaw the utter catastrophe that was to come. He looked young beyond his years, as love makes men look young, or great happiness, or the accomplishment of some end dear to the heart.

At the Capitol he moved slowly, supported on both sides by attendants, advancing one foot nine inches and dragging the other along the floor after it, powerless to lift it. I stood two feet from him as he passed. His face was twisted by disease. One arm hung helpless. His whole will, all of his energy, was concentrated on the given task of dragging himself twenty-five feet to play the traditional part of a President at the induction of his successor into office. No President ever did a braver thing than he did on that day.

The psychology of Mr. Wilson always interested me and I have written much about it. There are two types of men. One type accepts the world as it is, acts freely in it and succeeds in forgetting itself in action. The other type rejects the world as it is, tries to forget the world, but the world keeps reminding it unpleasantly of itself, and a man of



this type never succeeds in forgetting himself; if he acts at all, he acts slowly and with difficulty, impeded by the sense of self. If one of this second type is an artist, he creates a world of his imagination and more or less lives in it, being only slightly harassed by reality. Wilson tried to be an artist with his pen, but never quite succeeded.

When the war arrived and the whole of existing reality seemed to be in the crucible, he slowly came to perceive the possibility of remaking the world into one in which a Wilson might live happily. His imagination took fire. He was half-artist and half-politician and wholly a tortured soul. He was a Utopian, who by a strange chance seemed to have the lever which would move the universe in his hands.

At Paris his inner vision seemed to be realized. At the Capitol two years later it lay in ruins about him and he painfully dragged himself up to make his brave acknowledgments of reality.

### **One of the Celts**

ONE cannot pass by the death of Woodrow Wilson without a word about the extraordinary relation between him and Joseph P. Tumulty. No one else that I can recall was ever secretary to a President

for eight years. And Mr. Tumulty was not only that, but also secretary to Mr. Wilson as Governor of New Jersey. Mr. Wilson broke with Mr. Tumulty after a dozen years when the latter took it upon himself to deliver an innocuous message from the ex-President to some Democrats without proper authority. After that Tumulty never saw Wilson until he was near death. But the harshness of his former employer had no effect upon Tumulty's feelings for him. He could never speak of the ex-President without his voice breaking, and he grieved sorely over the interrupted relation.

Tumulty is that rare sort of man who, when he is your friend, actually loves you. Most of us are content merely to like our friends or, at the most, be fond of them. We profit by our friendships. They leave us a little less lonely in the world. Or we get on in the world through them. Or we magnify our sense of our own importance through them. Friendship for us is a fair exchange and no robbery. Perhaps we like unconsciously to see a little five or ten per cent on our side when the balance of the books is struck at the end of the year. But Tumulty's nature is too warm and too emotional for that.

Some one has said that the capacity to love is one

of the elements of greatness. And some one else has said that Tumulty just missed being a great man. And there is this much truth in it, that Tumulty is that rarest of human things, a real personality. One might view over the whole of Washington and count the real personalities on one hand and still have some fingers left over. One can run through the whole list of Presidents quickly and think of only three real personalities—Lincoln, Roosevelt and Jackson.

I have never been one of Tumulty's intimates. I could not join in the indiscriminate worship of Wilson, and I think he always regarded me as more or less an undesirable citizen. But there is not any one I would rather spend an evening with than with Tumulty. He runs the whole gamut of emotions. He tells stories as no one else can tell them, for he is a natural and unconscious actor. And when you are through with such an evening you know a little more of the world than you did in the beginning.

There are several ways of knowing the world. You may know it through action. You may know it through thinking about it, as a man of intellect. Or you may know it through the heart as a man of feeling. The last is Tumulty's way. Tumulty loves it and laughs at it and weeps over it all in one breath.

It was an odd partnership, that of Wilson and Tumulty—Wilson the cold Calvinist and Tumulty the warm Catholic; Wilson the instructive aristocrat and Tumulty the man of the people; Wilson cautious and suspicious and Tumulty impulsive almost to the point of recklessness; Wilson shrinking from men and Tumulty caring for nothing but men. Tumulty supplemented Wilson as no one else in the world could. Without him Wilson would have been almost helpless.

Tumulty worshipped Wilson because he saw in him the very qualities he himself lacked. Wilson used Tumulty because he found in him the very qualities he himself lacked. If you could have rolled the two into one you would have had one of the world's really great men. And so far as he could, Tumulty rolled himself into Wilson, contributing much to his fame. And it was pathetic that he was somewhat out in the cold when the mourning over his hero went on.

### **Just for a Handful of Silver**

I THINK what I have always felt about Mr. McAdoo was a certain lack of fineness in him. I think he was always too intent upon results to give a nice scrutiny to the means by which results should be

reached. He saw things rather in the large than in detail. He was in the habit of brushing aside obstacles, and I think moral obstacles as well as physical ones. He was a fighter who fought a little too hard to observe carefully the Queensberry Rules. The best fighters are never vindictive. Mr. McAdoo was vindictive. He was too intent upon winning to be magnanimous and too intent upon winning to be overscrupulous.

He wanted money. He had been a promoter in New York who had just missed riches. I don't know how better to say what I am trying to say about Mr. McAdoo than to remark that it did not surprise any one to find him on Doheny's payroll. It would not have surprised Washington to have found him with other retainers which would have required some explaining from the liberals if the committee had pressed him when he was on the witness stand. It would have surprised every one to find Senator Borah, for example, on Doheny's payroll. Unconsciously, with Mr. McAdoo the end often justified the means.

Still, the intensity and directness with which he went to his ends gave him engaging qualities. He was never assailed by doubts, moral or any other kind. He had confidence such as I never have seen

in official Washington, and confidence draws men to itself. He was magnetic. He was a personality. He had so many enemies, most of them rather worth cultivating, that he stood out as a gallant figure. He had some of Hiram Johnson's weakness for regarding all opposition to himself as personal enmity, with, however, a bravery and cheerfulness that Hiram Johnson's unconfident nature lacks. You cannot regard all opposition to yourself as of personal inspiration without immense egotism; and such egotism will enable you to take Doheny's money knowing Doheny to have designs that are incompatible with the public interest, and still see yourself as the leading liberal. Egotism is a great solvent of morals.

All in all, he was a man of greater stature than any one else the Democratic Party had to offer in this year of grace; perhaps of greater stature than any one any party had to offer. For that reason, his loss from the political lists was to be regretted. But as a blow to the prospects of electing a liberal President, his disappearance was not to be grieved over. People—liberal people I mean—mistook his enmities for convictions. Liberals constantly said of him, "We love him for the enemies he has made." As a promoter he had been unkindly treated by Wall

Street. He hated Wall Street. As Secretary of the Treasury he took up the quarrel his subordinate, John Skelton Williams, had with the banks, and he hated "the money power." As railroad administrator he developed strong feelings against the railroad executives. And he had a praiseworthy animosity for the Murphys, Brennans and other bosses of his party. He had the temperament of a Hatfield McCoy feudist. But, after all, liberalism does not consist of merely unorganized enmities. It is a body of reasoned convictions, or else it does not serve, which the Doheny incident, as I have analyzed it, seems to prove.

I can not join in the cry, that he was merely earning his living performing legitimate legal services, that he is being sacrificed to a mob demand for vengeance upon his employer Doheny.

I grant that for Mr. McAdoo, the lawyer, his course was ethical and proper. But for Mr. McAdoo, the leader of what we vaguely call liberalism in the Democratic Party, it was not. What would have been thought of Mr. Bryan in about 1900 if, after declaring that we could not "crucify mankind on a cross of gold," he had gone down into Wall Street and entered privately upon the payroll of J. P. Morgan & Co?



Did Mr. Doheny's money look to Mr. McAdoo like the kind a liberal leader and candidate for President ought to take? The ex-Secretary of the Treasury was a member of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet. During his time in office Mr. Doheny was trying to obtain the leases for the naval oil reserves which he subsequently got from Mr. Fall. Mr. McAdoo's closest friend in the Wilson Cabinet was ex-Secretary Lane. Mr. Lane favored letting Mr. Doheny have those leases. Mr. Lane subsequently went into Mr. Doheny's employ. Mr. McAdoo could hardly have failed to know all about the naval reserves and Mr. Doheny's ambition to possess them. A settled national policy of great importance was involved in the conservation or the exploitation of national resources. It is an issue upon which liberals feel strongly.

What were Mr. McAdoo's reactions as a liberal when the subtlest enemy of keeping oil out of the hands of exploiters approached him with his check book? Mr. McAdoo, in his statement, suggested that he would not have taken a retainer from the Oil Trust. But why is the Oil Trust so much worse than the biggest of the "independents"—powerful enough to be dangerous and known to have his eye on public resources which would fall under Mr. Mc-

Adoo's control when he became President, as he hoped to be?

I think Mr. McAdoo thought about all that when he went on Mr. Doheny's payroll. Here is a confirming circumstance. In 1921 Mr. Doheny approached Mr. McAdoo with the suggestion that he accept a retainer from him for \$25,000 a year for four years. Mr. McAdoo said, "Make it three years." Three years from 1921 would end the contract before the nomination and election of 1924. Four years would carry over beyond those events, until just before inauguration in 1925. Did not Mr. McAdoo think of what it would be like to be on Mr. Doheny's payroll when conventions were assembling in 1924 and when a campaign was going on in 1924 and all his enemies would scrutinize his sources of income?

Now, granted that a lawyer might properly take Mr. Doheny's money, as Mr. McAdoo did, should the leading liberal candidate have done so? I think I have presented circumstantial evidence of some doubt in Mr. McAdoo's own mind which he did not indicate in his statement that he was poor, he needed the money and he had to make a living. Yes, but how much of a living? Mr. McAdoo was an able man, who left office with a great reputation. He

could really pick and choose among the clients who sought his service. The Senate committee did not press him for information about his other legal services. But a good many of them are a matter of common knowledge. The wolf was not howling at his door. He is in a fair way to become a moderately rich man from his law practice.

It all comes down to the question of how badly you "need" money. If you "need" it badly enough, you make a bad liberal.

### **They had Laughter on Their Side**

THE Democrats seem to me to have better individual orators than the Republicans. Caraway, Harrison, Heflin, Reed and Stanley have no equals on the other side of the Senate. Jim Watson can sometimes smother an opponent in a flood of words which are sometimes funny. Somewhere in a long speech Moses may have a barbed sentence which will leave many wounds. Brandegee, when he wants to use it, has a nice gift of satire. But Brandegee is too indifferent to harry the enemy often. On the whole, the Republicans are too serious, feel too much that they have the existing order to uphold to be as gay and irresponsible as the Democrats. Any Republican is more conventional, more cautious, more

regular, less emotional than any Democrat. They don't see the irony in men and things as Democrats do, for they take men and things seriously. A Republican Caraway is unimaginable.

Those who have tried to analyze laughter say that when you hawhaw over some passerby slipping on a banana peel, and falling into a mud-puddle, you are struck by the incongruity of a dignified figure suddenly brought to earth and you are glad that it was the other fellow who went down and not you. Bishop Wilberforce, looking at some drunkard, said, "There, but for the grace of God, stands William Wilberforce." And the Democrats, looking at the discomfited majority during the last winter's investigation must have said secretly to themselves: "There, but for the grace of Josephus Daniels, sits the Democratic Party. Mr. Doheny was sure to buy some one in the end, and he bought a Republican. How good that he didn't happen to buy a Democrat!" Hence the laughter that Caraway, Harrison and Heflin raised daily in the Senate.

Of course, there is a good deal more to it than the irony that it was a Republican who was bought and not a Democrat, one being just as easily bought as the other, just as the banana peel is as capable of throwing you down as it was of toppling over the

fellow sitting in the mud-puddle and thinking how undignified his wet and clinging trousers will look when he rises. There is the irony of a great party which won three years ago by 7,000,000 majority suddenly sent flying over Mr. Fall's tin box full of money. There is the irony of a party having control of both branches of the Government and yet unable to do a thing. Altogether, the satirists Caraway, Heflin and Harrison had a situation made to their uses. Theirs was an easy game.

Of the three, Caraway has the best style. The Arkansas Senator is a little round, bold man, with a soft voice and a soft, fat face. As he speaks he uses feeble, ineffectual gestures. He never hammers home his points. He seems to be saying always, "Now this is the best that a poor, dumb fool like me can make of this funny situation." It is more or less the King's jester type of humor. There is not anything memorable about what he says. His "And now Ned McLean, he hires him a lawyer to say that he is sick," is typical. Of course, there are various ways of saying that. One might put burning sarcasm into those words "to say that he is sick." But that is not Caraway's way. He says it as if to ask if it were not a bewildering thing that a man should have to hire him a lawyer to say that he was sick.

Caraway is rather new to the Senate, so I express my opinion of him with reservations. He is, it seems to me, not only the best satirist on either side of the Senate, but also the best mind among the satirists. He is seldom personal in his fun-making. He rises above personalities. What strikes him is the irony that is in things themselves.

Caraway's is the thinker's sense of irony. He is asking all the time what there is logical about this. Pat Harrison's humor feels its way. He knows just how the other fellow will receive his shaft and takes his pleasure in the momentary discomfiture he causes. Caraway knows that the irony of life is so great that no shouting on his part will make it seem greater. He is quiet. He even hides his point a little by pretending to be merely puzzled. Pat Harrison shouts his remarks. He must land them full force in the face of the man at whom they are directed. He must get his laugh at once or it will never come. He thoroughly enjoys himself. It is sport for him to show what ridiculous fellows there are on the other side.

About Heflin I think there is a little of the Pharisee. He is afraid that the world will fail to notice what a great and good man he is unless he calls attention to what little and bad men it is preferring to

him. He is ponderous and ordinarily he is dull. He is self-conscious. He wears the longest of long-tailed black coats. It lies open in front and an acre of white vest is visible. I am sure the Pharisees wore white vests, though I have no illustrated Bible by me to refer to.

### **The White Man's Burden**

AT Clarksburg I should have been disappointed if I had not met the reporter who feels the awful weight of responsibility of "being close to Davis." I did not have to go to Plymouth to meet the reporter who is bursting with the sense of "I knew Cal when." Of course, in New England there is more than one of them. New England hadn't had a President since Franklin Pierce, until Mr. Coolidge swore in on the old farm, and since then all of New England has acted as if it had just given birth to a new Plymouth Rock, especially the New England reporters, who not only "knew Cal when," but also "knew William M. Butler when"; and to draw a smile of recognition from Mr. Butler is like enjoying such favor as to be able to salute St. Peter as "Pete." I never knew any one to take having a President so hard as a New Englander.

Now there are three ways, if you are a reporter,



in which you acquire this awful sense of responsibility, this feeling that by the exercise of immense discretion you may put the rest of the world, especially the newspaper world, next to the great man. One, you may be a reporter from his state and have got acquainted with him before he became great; this implies intimate relations. Two, you may have hit upon him as a candidate and written boosts of him when there was not much competition in boosting, before he was thought to have much chance of nomination. And three, you may have written a campaign biography of him. If you are one of the ordinary boys of the press who didn't "know him when" you go up to one of these fellows who is heavy with the cares of greatness and you say, "Ted, what do you hear about Coolidge's—or Davis's—plans for the campaign?" And he will tell you in a low, impressive voice all you have already read on the first page of the morning paper, interspersing it with several "John's" or "Cals." It gives you pleasure to see him swell visibly at the discharge of a great duty.

No one ever did this better than Pat Gallagher, newspaper man from all over the earth. Pat was not local but universal. Greatness everywhere adhered to him by reason of his world-wide contacts

with the great. I remember when Wilson agreed to the Shantung settlement, he came up to me in Paris and said, "Clinton"—he always called me by my first name, thus lifting me up into the company of monarchs and prime ministers, all of whom he called by their first names—"He certainly has done it. I said to him this very morning, 'Woody, you sure have spilled the beans.' As Fujiyama said to me, or was it Shidehara?—I forget which," etc. Pat was the descendant of Irish kings, as I found out in a magazine "Who's Who," of Brian Boru, or was it O'Kelly or Okmulgee—I forget which; anyway, I think all the Irish kings, historic and fabled, contributed to the stream of life which welled up in Pat. And naturally, as a son of kings he knew all the pre-war kings by their first names. He was a regular member of the "Nicky," "Willy" and "Georgie" league of nations that used to do so much to keep the peace.

He was naturally shocked by the Czar's death at the hands of the Bolsheviki. "Do you know, Clinton," he said, "the last time I was in Russia the Czar, God rest his soul, had me in to breakfast, and he said to me, 'Pat, what do you think of this Rasputin? Do you know,' he says, lowering his voice and looking around uneasily, 'I have my suspicions.'

'Nicky,' I says, 'get rid of him. He's a bad actor. My advice to you is, when he comes into the palace some fine morning, have a tile drop on his head from the roof. Otherwise,' says I, 'you can't be sure that the crown of all the Romanoffs will stick on your head.' Poor Nicky, it was not only his crown but his head itself that was unsafe at the very moment that I spoke."

## APPENDIX



PLATFORM  
OF  
ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE  
INDEPENDENT PROGRESSIVE CANDIDATE  
FOR  
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

THE great issue before the American people today is the control of government and industry by private monopoly.

For a generation the people have struggled patiently, in the face of repeated betrayals by successive administrations, to free themselves from this intolerable power which has been undermining representative government.

Through control of government, monopoly has steadily extended its absolute dominion to every basic industry.

In violation of law, monopoly has crushed competition, stifled private initiative and independent enterprise, and without fear of punishment now exacts extortionate profits upon every necessity of life consumed by the public.

The equality of opportunity proclaimed by the Declaration of Independence and asserted and defended by Jefferson and Lincoln as the heritage of every American citizen has been displaced by special privilege for the few, wrested from the government of the many.

#### FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS IN DANGER

That tyrannical power which the American people denied to a king, they will no longer endure from the monopoly system. The people know they cannot yield to any group the control of the economic life of the nation and preserve their political liberties. They know monopoly has its representatives in the halls of Congress, on the Federal bench, and in the executive departments; that these servile agents barter away the nation's natural resources, nullify acts of Congress by judicial veto and administrative favor, invade the people's rights by unlawful arrests and unconstitutional searches and seizures, direct our foreign policy in the in-



terests of predatory wealth, and make wars and conscript the sons of the common people to fight them.

The usurpation in recent years by the federal courts of the power to nullify laws duly enacted by the legislative branch of the government is a plain violation of the Constitution. Abraham Lincoln, in his first inaugural address, said: "The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal." The Constitution specifically vests all legislative power in the Congress, giving that body power and authority to override the veto of the president. The federal courts are given no authority under the Constitution to veto acts of Congress. Since the federal courts have assumed to exercise such veto power, it is essential that the Constitution shall give to the Congress the right to over-ride such judicial veto, otherwise the Court will make itself master over the other co-ordinate branches of the government. The people themselves must approve or disapprove the present exercise of legislative power by the federal courts.

## DISTRESS OF AMERICAN FARMERS

The present condition of American agriculture constitutes an emergency of the gravest character. The Department of Commerce report shows that during 1923 there was a steady and marked increase in dividends paid by the great industrial corporations. The same is true of the steam and electric railways and practically all other large corporations. On the other hand, the Secretary of Agriculture reports that in the fifteen principal wheat-growing states more than 108,000 farmers since 1920 have lost their farms through foreclosure or bankruptcy; that more than 122,000 have surrendered their property without legal proceedings, and that nearly 375,000 have retained possession of their property only through the leniency of their creditors, making a total of more than 600,000 or 26 per cent of all farmers who have virtually been bankrupt since 1920 in these fifteen states alone.

Almost unlimited prosperity for the great corporations and ruin and bankruptcy for agriculture is the direct and logical result of the policies and legislation which deflated the farmer while extending almost unlimited credit to the great corporations; which protected with exorbitant tariffs the indus-

trial magnates, but depressed the prices of the farmers' products by financial juggling while greatly increasing the cost of what he must buy; which guaranteed excessive freight rates to the railroads and put a premium on wasteful management while saddling an unwarranted burden on to the backs of the American farmer; which permitted gambling in the products of the farm by grain speculators to the great detriment of the farmer and to the great profit of the grain gambler.

### A COVENANT WITH THE PEOPLE

Awakened by the dangers which menace their freedom and prosperity the American people still retain the right and courage to exercise their sovereign control over their government. In order to destroy the economic and political power of monopoly, which has come between the people and their government, we pledge ourselves to the following principles and policies:

#### THE HOUSE CLEANING

1. We pledge a complete housecleaning in the Department of Justice, the Department of the Interior, and the other executive departments. We

demand that the power of the Federal Government be used to crush private monopoly, not to foster it.

#### NATURAL RESOURCES

2. We pledge recovery of the navy's oil reserves and all other parts of the public domain which have been fraudulently or illegally leased, or otherwise wrongfully transferred, to the control of private interests; vigorous prosecution of all public officials, private citizens and corporations that participated in these transactions; complete revision of the water-power act, the general leasing act, and all other legislation relating to the public domain. We favor public ownership of the nation's water power and the creation and development of a national super-water-power system, including Muscle Shoals, to supply at actual cost light and power for the people and nitrate for the farmers, and strict public control and permanent conservation of all the nation's resources, including coal, iron and other ores, oil and timber lands, in the interest of the people.

#### RAILROADS

3. We favor repeal of the Esch-Cummins railroad law and the fixing of railroad rates upon the basis of actual, prudent investment and cost of serv-

ice. We pledge speedy enactment of the Howell-Barkley Bill for the adjustment of controversies between railroads and their employees, which was held up in the last Congress by joint action of reactionary leaders of the Democratic and Republican parties. We declare for public ownership of railroads with definite safeguards against bureaucratic control, as the only final solution of the transportation problem.

#### TAX REDUCTION

4. We favor reduction of Federal taxes upon individual incomes and legitimate business, limiting tax exactions strictly to the requirements of the government administered with rigid economy, particularly by curtailment of the eight hundred million dollars now annually expended for the army and navy in preparation for future wars; by the recovery of the hundreds of millions of dollars stolen from the Treasury through fraudulent war contracts and the corrupt leasing of the public resources; and by diligent action to collect the accumulated interest upon the eleven billion dollars owing us by foreign governments.

We denounce the Mellon tax plan as a device to relieve multimillionaires at the expense of other tax

payers, and favor a taxation policy providing for immediate reductions upon moderate incomes, large increases in the inheritance tax rates upon large estates to prevent the indefinite accumulation by inheritance of great fortunes in a few hands; taxes upon excess profits to penalize profiteering, and complete publicity, under proper safeguards, of all Federal tax returns.

#### THE COURTS

5. We favor submitting to the people, for their considerate judgment, a constitutional amendment providing that Congress may by enacting a statute make it effective over a judicial veto.

We favor such amendment to the constitution as may be necessary to provide for the election of all Federal Judges, without party designation, for fixed terms not exceeding ten years, by direct vote of the people.

#### THE FARMERS

6. We favor drastic reduction of the exorbitant duties on manufactures provided in the Fordney-McCumber tariff legislation, the prohibiting of gambling by speculators and profiteers in agricultural products; the reconstruction of the Federal Reserve and Federal Farm Loan Systems, so as to

eliminate control by usurers, speculators and international financiers, and to make the credit of the nation available upon fair terms to all and without discrimination to business men, farmers and home-builders. We advocate the calling of a special session of Congress to pass legislation for the relief of American agriculture. We favor such further legislation as may be needful or helpful in promoting and protecting co-operative enterprises. We demand that the Interstate Commerce Commission proceed forthwith to reduce by an approximation to pre-war levels the present freight rates on agricultural products, including live stock, and upon the materials required upon American farms for agricultural purposes.

#### LABOR

7. We favor abolition of the use of injunctions in labor disputes and declare for complete protection of the right of farmers and industrial workers to organize, bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and conduct without hindrance co-operative enterprises.

We favor prompt ratification of the Child Labor amendment, and subsequent enactment of a Federal law to protect children in industry.



## POSTAL SERVICE

8. We believe that a prompt and dependable postal service is essential to the social and economic welfare of the nation; and that as one of the most important steps toward establishing and maintaining such a service, it is necessary to fix wage standards that will secure and retain employees of character, energy and ability.

We favor the enactment of the postal salary adjustment measure (S. 1898) for the employees of the postal service, passed by the first session of the 68th Congress, vetoed by the President and now awaiting further consideration by the next session of Congress.

We endorse liberalizing the Civil Service Retirement Law along the lines of S. 3011 now pending in Congress.

## WAR VETERANS

9. We favor adjusted compensation for the veterans of the late war, not as charity, but as a matter of right, and we demand that the money necessary to meet this obligation of the government be raised by taxes laid upon wealth in proportion to the ability to pay, and declare our opposition to the

sales tax or any other device to shift this obligation onto the backs of the poor in higher prices and increased cost of living. We do not regard the payment at the end of a long period of a small insurance as provided by the law recently passed as in any just sense a discharge of the nation's obligations to the veterans of the late war.

#### GREAT LAKES TO SEA

10. We favor a deep waterway from the Great Lakes to the sea. The government should, in conjunction with Canada, take immediate action to give the northwestern states an outlet to the ocean for cargoes, without change in bulk, thus making the primary markets on the Great Lakes equal to those of New York.

#### POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY

11. Over and above constitutions and statutes and greater than all, is the supreme sovereignty of the people, and with them should rest the final decision of all great questions of national policy. We favor such amendments to the Federal Constitution as may be necessary to provide for the direct nomination and election of the President, to extend the initiative and referendum to the federal govern-

ment, and to insure a popular referendum for or against war except in cases of actual invasion.

#### PEACE ON EARTH

12. We denounce the mercenary system of foreign policy under recent administrations in the interests of financial imperialists, oil monopolists and international bankers, which has at times degraded our State Department from its high service as a strong and kindly intermediary of defenseless governments to a trading outpost for those interests and concession-seekers engaged in the exploitations of weaker nations, as contrary to the will of the American people, destructive of domestic development and provocative of war. We favor an active foreign policy to bring about a revision of the Versailles treaty in accordance with the terms of the armistice, and to promote firm treaty agreements with all nations to outlaw wars, abolish conscription, drastically reduce land, air and naval armaments, and guarantee public referendums on peace and war.

# POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT, 1920.

STATE.	Hard- ing, Rep.	Cox, Dem.	Wat- kins, Proh.	Debs, Soc.	Chris- tensen, F.-L.	STATE.	Hard- ing, Rep.	Cox, Dem.	Wat- kins, Proh.	Debs, Soc.	Chris- tensen, F.-L.
Ala....	74,690	163,254	757	2,369		Nev....	15,479	9,851		1,864	
Ariz....	37,016	29,546	4	222	15	N. H....	95,196	62,662		1,234	
Ark....	71,117	107,408		5,111		N. J....	611,670	258,229	4,711	27,217	2,173
Cal....	624,932	229,191	26,204	64,076		N. M....	57,634	46,668			1,097
Col....	173,248	104,936	2,807	8,046	3,016	N. Y....	1,871,167	731,238	19,653	203,201	18,413
Conn....	229,238	120,721	1,771	10,350	1,947	N. Car....	232,848	305,447	17		
Del....	52,858	39,911	986	988	93	N. Dak....	160,072	37,422		8,282	
Fla....	44,853	90,515	5,124	5,189		Ohio....	1,182,022	780,037	294	57,147	
Ga....	43,720	107,162		465		Okla....	243,464	215,808		25,679	
Idaho....	88,975	46,579	9	38	6	Ore....	143,592	80,019	3,595	9,801	
Ill....	1,420,480	634,395	11,216	74,747	49,630	Pa....	1,218,215	503,202	42,612	70,021	15,642
Ind....	896,370	511,364	13,462	24,703	16,499	R. I....	107,463	55,062	510	4,351	
Iowa....	634,674	227,921	4,197	16,981	10,321	S. Car....	2,244	64,170		26	
Kan....	869,268	185,464		15,511		S. Dak....	110,692	35,938	900		34,707
Ky....	452,480	456,497	3,325	6,409		Tenn....	219,829	206,558		2,239	
La....	58,538	87,519				Texas....	114,269	288,767		8,121	
Me....	136,356	58,961	1	2,214		Utah....	81,555	56,639		3,159	4,475
Md....	236,117	180,626		8,876	1,645	Vt....	68,212	20,919	774		
Mass....	681,153	276,691		32,267		Va....	87,456	141,670	826	807	240
Mich....	762,865	233,450	9,646	28,947	10,372	Wash....	223,137	84,298	3,790	8,913	77,246
Minn....	619,421	142,994	11,489	56,106		W. Va....	282,007	220,789	1,528	5,618	
Miss....	11,576	59,277		1,639		Wis....	498,576	113,422	8,647	85,041	
Mo....	727,162	574,799	5,142	20,242	3,291	Wyo....	35,691	17,429	265	1,288	2,180
Mont....	109,430	57,372			12,204						
Neb....	247,498	119,608	5,947	9,600							
						Total	16,152,200	9,147,353	189,408	919,799	265,411

Cox, Soc.-L., polled 31,175 votes; Macauley, Single Tax, 5,837.

Of the 531 electoral votes, 404 were cast for Warren G. Harding and Calvin Coolidge, and they

were elected President and Vice President; and 127 votes were cast for Cox and Roosevelt.

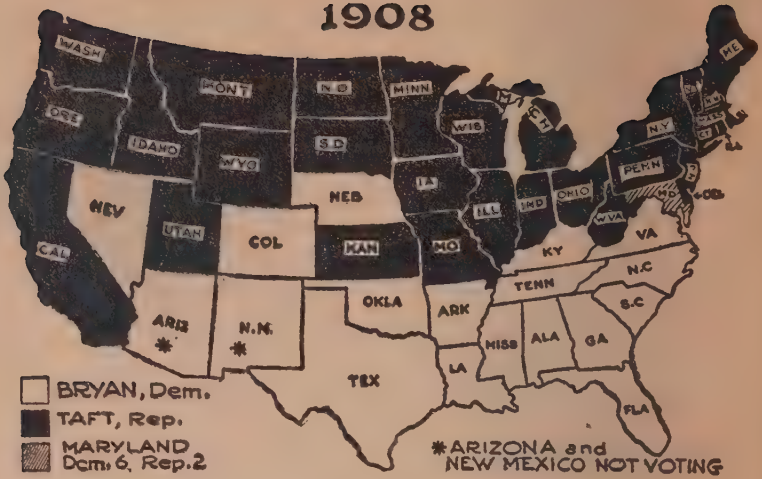
Harding died at San Francisco, Aug. 2, 1923, and was succeeded by Vice President Coolidge.

## ELECTORAL VOTES FOR PRESIDENT, 1892-1920, BY PARTIES AND STATES.

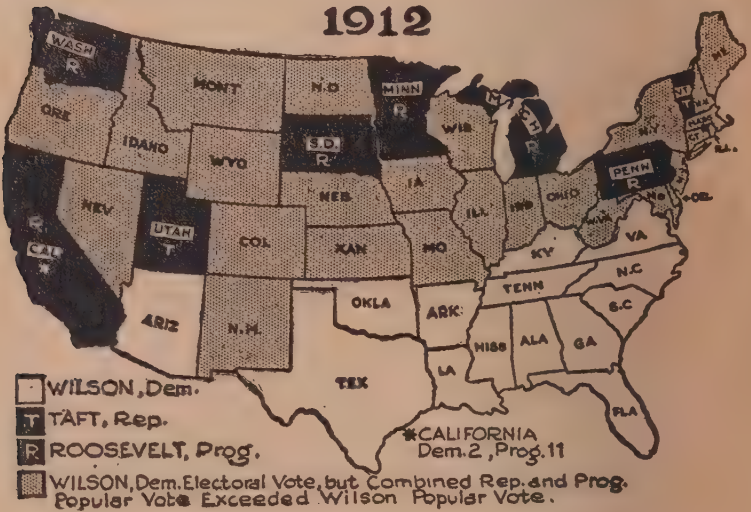
STATE.	1892.			1896.			1900.			1904.			1908.			1912.			1916.			1920.			T'l.	
	R.	D.	P.	R.	D.	P.	R.	D.	P.	R.	D.	P.	R.	D.	P.	R.	D.	P.	R.	D.	P.					
Alabama.		11			11			11			11			11			12			12			12		12	
Arizona.																	3			3			3		3	
Arkansas.		8			8			8			9			9			9			9			9		9	
California.	1				8			9			10			10			2	11		13			13		13	
Colorado.		6	4		6	4		6	4		5			5			7			6			6		7	
Connecticut.		3			3			3			3			3						7			7		7	
Delaware.		4			4			4			5			5						3			3		3	
Florida.		13			13			13			13			13			14			14			14		14	
Georgia.			3			3			3			3			3		4			4			4		4	
Idaho.		24			24			24			27			27			29			29			29		29	
Illinois.		15			15			15			15			15			15			15			15		15	
Indiana.		13			13			13			13			13			13			13			13		13	
Iowa.			10			10			10			10			10					10			10		10	
Kansas.		13			12			1			13			13			13			13			13		13	
Kentucky.		8			8				8			9			9		10			10			10		10	
Louisiana.		6			6			6			6			6			6			6			6		6	
Maine.		8			8			8			1	7		2	6		8			8			8		8	
Maryland.		15			15			15			16			16			18			18			18		18	
Massachusetts.		9	5		14			14			14			14				15		15			15		15	
Michigan.		9			9			9			11			11				12		12			12		12	
Minnesota.			9			9			9			10			10		10			10			10		10	
Mississippi.		17			17			17			18			18			18			18			18		18	
Missouri.		3			3			3			3			3			4			4			4		4	
Montana.		8			8			8			8			8			8			8			8		8	
Nebraska.			3			3			3			3			3		3			3			3		3	
Nevada.																	4			4			4		4	
N. Hampshire.	4				4			4			4			4			4			4			4		4	
New Jersey.		10			10			10			12			12			14			14			14		14	
New Mexico.																	3			3			3		3	
New York.		36			36			36			39			39			45			45			45		45	
No. Carolina.		11			11			11			12			12			12			12			12		12	
No. Dakota.	1				1			1									5			5			5		5	
Ohio.	22	1			23			23			23			23			24			24			24		24	
Oklahoma.															7		10			10			10		10	
Oregon.	3				4			4			4			4			5			5			5		5	
Pennsylvania.	32				32			32			34			34			38			38			38		38	
Rhode Island.	4				4			4			4			4			5			5			5		5	
S. Carolina.		9			9			9			9			9			9			9			9		9	
South Dakota.	4				4			4			4			4			5			5			5		5	
Tennessee.		12			12			12			12			12			12			12			12		12	
Texas.		15			15			15			18			18			20			20			20		20	
Utah.					3			3			3			3			4			4			4		4	
Vermont.	4				4			4			4			4			4			4			4		4	
Virginia.		12			12			12			12			12			12			12			12		12	
Washington.	4				4			4			5			5			8			7			7		7	
West Virginia.		6			6			6			7			7			8			7			7		7	
Wisconsin.		12			12			12			13			13			13			13			13		13	
Wyoming.	3				3			3			3			3			3			3			3		3	
Total.	145	277	22	271	176	292	155	336	140	321	162	8	435	88	254	277	404	127	531							
Plurality.		132			95			137			196			159			347			23			277			

Arizona became a State February 14, 1912. New Mexico was admitted January 6, 1912. The electoral vote for Vice President in 1896 was: Republican, 271; Democratic, 149; Populist, 27.

# 1908



# 1912





1916

WILSON, Dem.

HUGHES, Rep.

\* WEST VIRGINIA

1920

Legend:

- COX, Dem.
- HARDING, Rep.

States won by Harding (shaded black):

- Ala., Ark., Cal., Colo., Conn., Del., Fla., Ga., Idaho, Ill., Ind., Iowa, Kan., Ky., La., Maine, Mass., Mich., Minn., Miss., Mont., Neb., Nev., N.H., N.J., N.Y., N.C., N.D., Ohio, Okla., Pa., S.C., S.D., Tenn., Tex., Utah, Va., W.Va., Wis., Wyo.

States won by Cox (white):

- Ala., Ark., Cal., Colo., Conn., Del., Fla., Ga., Idaho, Ill., Ind., Iowa, Kan., Ky., La., Maine, Mass., Mich., Minn., Miss., Mont., Neb., Nev., N.H., N.J., N.Y., N.C., N.D., Ohio, Okla., Pa., S.C., S.D., Tenn., Tex., Utah, Va., W.Va., Wis., Wyo.

# HOW THE NATION HAS VOTED IN PREVIOUS PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS

	POPULAR VOTE	ELECTORAL VOTE	
<b>1860</b> (33 States Voting)			
Lincoln	1,866,000	180	
Douglas	1,375,000	12	
Breckenridge	846,000	72	
Bell	590,000	39	
	<u>3,681,000</u>	<u>303</u>	Total
<b>1864</b> (25 States Voting)			
Lincoln	2,216,000	212	
McClellan	1,809,000	21	
	<u>4,025,000</u>	<u>233</u>	Total
<b>1868</b> (33 States Voting)			
Grant	3,015,000	214	
Seymour	2,710,000	80	
	<u>5,725,000</u>	<u>294</u>	Total
<b>1872</b> (37 States Voting)			
Grant	3,597,000	286	
Greeley	2,834,000	Died before electoral vote was cast	
	<u>6,431,000</u>	<u>366</u>	Total



	POPULAR VOTE	ELECTORAL VOTE	
<b>1876</b> (38 States Voting)		In Colorado	Electors chosen by Legislature
Hayes	4,034,000	185	
Tilden	4,285,000	184	
	<u>8,319,000</u>	369	Total
<b>1880</b> (38 States Voting)			
Garfield	4,449,000	214	
Hancock	4,442,000	155	
	<u>8,891,000</u>	369	Total
<b>1884</b> (38 States Voting)			
Cleveland	4,911,000	219	
Blaine	4,848,000	182	
	<u>9,759,000</u>	401	Total
<b>1888</b> (38 States Voting)			
Harrison	5,444,000	233	
Cleveland	5,540,000	168	
	<u>10,984,000</u>	401	Total
<b>1892</b> (44 States Voting)			
Cleveland	5,554,000	277	
Harrison	5,191,000	145	
	<u>10,745,000</u>	422	
Weaver	1,027 000	22	
	<u>11,772,000</u>	444	Total

	POPULAR VOTE	ELECTORAL VOTE	
<b>1896</b> (45 States Voting)			
McKinley	7,036,000	271	
Bryan	6,468,000	176	
	<u>13,504,000</u>	447	Total
<b>1900</b> (45 States Voting)			
McKinley	7,220,000	292	
Bryan	6,358,000	155	
	<u>13,578,000</u>	447	Total
<b>1904</b> (45 States Voting)			
Roosevelt	7,628,000	336	
Parker	5,085,000	140	
	<u>12,713,000</u>	476	Total
<b>1908</b> (46 States Voting)			
Taft	7,679,000	321	
Bryan	6,409,000	162	
	<u>14,088,000</u>	483	Total
<b>1912</b> (48 States Voting)			
Wilson	6,286,000	435	
Roosevelt	4,126,000	88	
Taft	3,484,000	8	
	<u>13,896,000</u>	531	Total

	POPULAR VOTE	ELECTORAL VOTE	
<b>1916</b> (48 States Voting)			
Wilson	9,130,000	277	
Hughes	8,538,000	254	
	<u>17,668,000</u>	<u>531</u>	Total

<b>1920</b> (48 States Voting)			
	With Woman Suffrage		
Harding	16,152,000	404	
Cox	9,147,000	127	
	<u>25,299,000</u>	<u>531</u>	Total











